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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The monotonous rain of Liberal victories has continued to the end. Of the fifteen instances in which the Unionists have turned the tables on their opponents six reversed the verdict of bye-elections and were the proverbial drops in the ocean. The Liberals have now gained 190 seats, Labour 31, Conservatives 15 and Nationalists 2. The result is that in the new Parliament, assuming that no changes take place in the few remaining contests, the Liberals, supported by Labour and Nationalists, will number roughly 510 against the Conservative 160, giving the Government a majority of 350. Over Conservatives, Labour members and Nationalists the Government majority at the present moment is in round figures 88—21 more than Mr. Balfour's majority over the rest of the House at the dissolution.

The City of London in politics reminds us of the Bank of England. It is absolutely unmoved by any scare in the provinces or even unease about its own doors. "Four-square to all the winds that blow" in the little world of partisan politics, it stands for all that is English and solid. We are glad to know that Mr. Balfour has been appointed, practically, its Governor. True he is not exactly commercial by training or instinct. But why after all should not culture thrive in the counting-house? We need an empire strong in both commerce and culture; and we must not shut them off from each other in water-tight compartments. Hence Mr. Balfour deserves a welcome on his coming into John Bull's counting-house; and we fancy he will get a great one.

There was a touch of the magic of Birmingham about the election in East Worcestershire. This was probably the most interesting and observed of all the county fights during the week. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has greatly increased his majority, so that the

figures now almost rival those of West Birmingham. He has only stopped short of this unfilial act by a few hundreds.

In the county elections many of the changes from Conservative to Liberal are to be accounted for by the migration of large numbers of the working classes into new districts which in recent years have so rapidly developed. This is especially true of the Home Counties. Around London these changes have gone on on a greater scale than elsewhere, but everywhere tramways and electric railways have affected the former political representation very considerably. Examples in Essex are Romford, Walthamstow, Enfield, Harwich; in Middlesex Harrow, Tottenham and Hornsey, which has only been retained by a diminished majority; in Surrey Reigate. The once clearly marked distinction between town and country is being effaced and the present electoral divisions founded upon it may at no distant date cease to exist, as the former difference between the electoral qualification of borough voters and county voters has come to an end.

Whitby comes as a pleasant relief from the dreary waste of Unionist losses. Mr. Gervase Beckett's success is the more significant that he had a very strong opponent in Mr. Noel Buxton, one of the most promising of the "rising hopes" of the Liberal party. It is pleasant to think that the County Division containing this interesting old town, with its ecclesiastical and antiquarian associations, has recovered from its temporary aberration and returned to its Conservative tradition. It is also in the natural order of things that one at least of the Yorkshire constituencies should be represented by a member of the Beckett family.

This election has made an end of Welsh Toryism in the House, whether or not Monmouthshire be included in Wales. The house of Dunraven has failed to retain South Glamorganshire and in South Monmouthshire the political influence of the Tredegar family is a thing of the past. Three of the Glamorganshire seats are now held by labour men and the political future of the coalfield is certainly theirs. So much has been said of the growth of the Church in the Welsh towns that it is disappointing to see that Conservatism has been entirely ousted from the borough representation of the Principality.

Considering however the action of Lord Penrhyn in the Bethesda strike it is perfectly natural that

Welsh working-men, even those who are Churchmen, should vote as they have done. We note that Mr. William Jones has been returned for Arfon, the scene of the strike, by an enormous majority. Apparently the young Welsh nationalist of the Irish type is no longer a popular Liberal candidate in Wales. Cardiff has elected Mr. Guest. An exception must be made however in the case of the Carmarthen Boroughs. Mr. Llewelyn Williams, its new M.P. who has made some mark both as a lawyer and a journalist, is a Welshman who believes in Welsh as Mr. Dillon believes in Irish nationalism. He understands the Welsh Church question, and will perhaps advocate Welsh Home Rule on historical grounds.

Sir William Hart-Dyke will be missed from the new Parliament almost as much as Mr. Chaplin. He was a very admirable representative of the class, the landed and old governing class whose presence in strength at the House of Commons was quite an institution. Latterly Sir William had been left out of office when Unionist Governments were formed. This is a very severe test. Men who have been dropped or overlooked by their leaders often cannot hide their chagrin; they hold themselves perfectly free to criticise old colleagues and sometimes record a hostile vote. Sir William Hart-Dyke rose superior to anything of the kind. He tried to aid rather than injure Lord Salisbury's Government and Mr. Balfour's. At Harrow "Billy" Dyke was regarded as one of the coolest, most resolute boys in the school, and he has never failed to hold his own in later life. He may not have enjoyed his work as Chief Secretary, but he was the last man to be cowed.

It is not usual for the defeated candidate to be the popular hero after the declaration of the poll. He has been, however, in more than one place during this election. At Newbury Mr. Mount the Unionist candidate, and member in last Parliament, was shouldered after the announcement of his defeat and carried amid great enthusiasm to the Conservative Club: while the successful Liberal was nowhere to be found. And at Devizes Major White, the Unionist candidate, was acclaimed with enthusiasm after his defeat and carried off by the crowd. His reception was in curious contrast to the reception of the successful Radical, who was assisted by the police; while in "holy George Herbert's" country, South Wiltshire, the Liberal Mr. Morse was saved from rough handling only by the championship of the defeated Conservative.

Post Office employes have never been over-scrupulous in their controversial methods. The late Postmaster-General incurred the special disfavour of certain sections in a recent official dispute, by the use of terms too uncompromising to be forgotten, and perhaps too appropriate to be forgiven. Lord Stanley's defeat at West Houghton was made the occasion of unparalleled misconduct. Elaborate arrangements were made for simultaneous demonstrations on a large scale at the General Post Office and other great postal centres. Metropolitan and local associations, with sporadic groups of sorters, girls, and postmen, despatched anonymous messages of studied insolence to their late chief.

The Liverpool Postal Union in particular distinguished itself by a lengthy telegram ironically expressing to the ex-Postmaster-General the satisfaction of his former subordinates at their successful efforts to defeat him and their readiness to render "his present position a permanent and secure one" by the like means in future. Whatever the merits of the particular quarrel, such conduct on the part of civil servants is intolerable and the presumption is that the cost of these egregious ebullitions falls directly or indirectly on the public. Will Mr. Sydney Buxton have the courage to inquire into this matter and take measures to teach certain of his staff different notions of the use of public property and some of the elementary decencies of official life?

We shall be curious to see if Mr. Redmond has strengthened his position as Nationalist leader by

giving Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman the Irish vote for nothing. Sir Henry is no doubt a Home Ruler, if only "by instalments". But now the election is over, and they have a majority clear of Irish, Mr. Haldane and other Cabinet Ministers, who are only Home Rulers of the "gas and water" type, of which we heard so much years ago at Rossendale, are frankly announcing that there is to be no Home Rule Bill and that there has been no understanding with the Nationalists.

Why did they not announce this freely on the eve of the election? The reply of course is that, if they had done so, there would have been a quarrel or estrangement with the Nationalists which they dare not risk. If the Nationalists were led to-day by a Parnell they might be, in Parliament at any rate, the menace they were before 1885. But Mr. Redmond, we cannot help thinking, is just a man of beautiful words. The grace and persuasion of his rhetoric were never in doubt. It is a different thing when we come to action. He cannot with Shakespeare declare, "What I well intend, I'll do 't before I speak".

This General Election has been distinguished by its bad English as well as by its bad language. Certain words and phrases have been hammered into the head of the wretched person who reads the election pages till he is in danger of going about with them on the brain for long to come. Which is the rankest word offender of all? We should vote for "mendacious". It is sprinkled all over the election page. There is an idea that it is a more effective word than "lying", less shocking, and literary into the bargain. Besides it is verbose, and this pleases quarter-educated people. Since "mendacious" is to be used instead of "lying", why not call your opponent "a mendacant" instead of "a liar"?

The election humour is almost as inelegant as its language. In various places the blind puppy of 1885 has been exhumed to the delight of the rising political generation. This was the most popular story in both 1885 and 1886. Both sides ran it hard. It was like the cat which Max Adeler and his enemy next door flung backwards and forwards over the wall to each other till the remnant had to be buried. It is something like this: a Radical is seen one day with a blind puppy wearing Tory blue. Next day the puppy is wearing orange—for it has opened its eyes. The puppy wears orange to start with if he belongs to a Tory, and blue when he opens his eyes. We believe this story influenced many electors twenty years ago. It has been told amid roars of laughter during the past week, and we have no doubt it will be winning votes twenty years hence.

While the Liberal leaders persist in declaring that free trade is the only issue at this election, and claim their success as mainly, if not entirely, a free-trade triumph, nearly all the Unionist candidates loudly assert that fiscal reform has not damaged but helped them in their election. It is natural enough that the Liberals should prefer to put down their success to an eminently respectable Liberal doctrine, like free trade, rather than to misrepresentation as to Chinese labour or mere force of reaction. Nor would they wish to give very great prominence to trade-union feeling about the effect of the Taff Vale and other decisions, which as a fact has done more to lose Unionist seats in the large towns than anything else. But the facts, as far as the facts can yet be ascertained, plainly establish that Unionists who made fiscal reform, the whole policy without compromise, their main "plank" have come off best. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's success is a striking instance.

Others besides Mr. Chamberlain have been amused at the contrast of Mr. Burns' non-official with his official manner to the unemployed deputation. Mr. Chamberlain in a speech at Halesowen on Monday described it as "smug". That is fair comment if it is not pleasing to the person described; but Mr. Burns did not lecture the deputation on the virtues of thrift as Mr. Chamberlain alleged; though in fact he has, and quite rightly too, done that before other working-men



audiences. But really Mr. Chamberlain's slip is excusable compared with the violence with which Mr. Burns attacks him and denounces "his war" which he declares is responsible for the high rate of unemployment and pauperism. His extravagances will hardly please Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Haldane, who have not been accustomed to speak in this strain of the war, though their chief may have. Mr. Burns is terribly careless of their feelings.

Mr. Birrell has been making many speeches, and earning the commendation of many Liberal Churchmen. But we have noticed that Liberal Churchmen are always among the strongest of partisans, running even the political Nonconformist very close; so we cannot regard their tribute to Mr. Birrell as establishing his generosity or his fairness or his honesty. Mr. Russell Wakefield of course thinks Mr. Birrell is going to usher in a golden age of education. In his enthusiasm he proposes to hold a meeting in his parish-room, or some such place, where everybody who is fair-minded in these matters is to meet him and settle the religious question once for all. It is characteristic of Liberal Churchmanship to think that a question that has tried the whole nation for many years can be settled by a handful of Churchmen, who are Liberals, in a parish-room. For ourselves we prefer not to comment on Mr. Birrell's zeal for religious education until we see his proposals in the concrete form of a Bill. In the meantime all Churchmen should make it clear that they will not tolerate religious teaching, denominational or undenominational, being pushed out of school or out of school-hours.

If the Radical victory has pleased Britain's trade rivals, it has also raised great expectations among her doubtful friends within the Empire itself. The Boers do not disguise their hopes that they may turn the election to account, and Mr. Smuts, who is now in London on a mission to secure electoral conditions in the Transvaal that will advance Boer views is expected, we hope erroneously, to carry back with him a promise that will mean a Boer majority in the Legislative Assembly. The Boers desire to upset the arrangement by which the constitution will be based on the principle of one man one vote and equal electoral districts. If these demands are agreed to, it is said Lord Selborne will resign. It is not difficult to believe that the Government would not be seriously annoyed by the High Commissioner's resigning, but the country should realise what it would mean.

Russian affairs are usually too serious for humour to intrude, but it cannot be kept out of the congratulatory message of the Constitutional Democratic Congress to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. John Burns on the victory of the British Liberal and labour parties. It is a relief to find that even on the eve of Red Sunday the Congress was not so overwhelmed by its patriotic labours and griefs as to forget its dear comrades of the English revolution. We wish other news sent by correspondents in Russia presented no more difficulties than this. Last week we quoted a "Times" correspondent to the effect that the electoral laws were being pushed on and that there was no doubt of the Tsar being in earnest over them and other changes in the law. Now we are informed that the whole has been shelved, and it is suggested that the Douma may not meet at all. And yet in the next paragraph there is the statement that the Constitutional Democratic Congress has decided by an enormous majority to take part in the elections and the Douma.

The German socialist demonstrations in Prussia and throughout the States of the Empire were fixed for a very ominous day—the "Red Sunday" of 21 January of last year in Russia. Fortunately the combined effect of an imposing military and police display, and the control of their enormous organisation by the socialist leaders, has been that the demonstrations have passed off without any disturbance. The socialists have made their protest against the franchise laws, which in all the States are on a very narrow basis, and no mischief has been done. But when, as in Berlin, ninety-three large meetings are held where resolutions are passed

welcoming what they termed the revolutionary successes in Russia, the authorities might very reasonably suppose that there was a very considerable danger to be guarded against. The other resolutions were that the representative system in Prussia is reactionary and a caricature of a real representative assembly. So it must certainly appear to electors who when taking part in the imperial elections have a franchise at least as extensive as that of Great Britain.

Just now universal suffrage is the dernier cri in Europe. It is the fatal question in Russia; in Austro-Hungary it is a new trouble in the relations of Austria and Hungary; and it is coming to the front in Germany. The electoral law in Germany prevents the socialists from having what would be their full representation even in the Reichstag. This is largely due to the distribution of seats whereby the large centres of population are counterbalanced by the rural districts. But in Prussia and the Freie und Hanse-Stadt Hamburg, for example, the working classes are almost completely disfranchised by the property and what we should call the fancy franchises; which are of the mediæval kind with which our own municipal franchises before the Municipal Reform Act may be compared. The result of the agitation so far is rather curious. In Hamburg there was a Bill for the revision of the election law in the reactionary direction. This it is now said will probably be defeated. In Prussia last November a redistribution bill mentioned in the Royal Speech is to be postponed. Not long ago Herr Bebel at a socialist conference was proclaiming a general intention of anti-socialists to dock the socialist power by modifications of the electoral law. The demonstrations of this week may be taken as directed against this and will probably have had some effect.

We must not be too optimistic about the Algeciras conference, though there is no need to attach a sinister meaning to every word uttered by Count von Tattenbach. The German delegate caused "some surprise" by opposing Sir Arthur Nicholson's proposal that the sale of arms in certain towns should be permitted only on the "unanimous" recommendation of the Diplomatic Body at Tangier. Count von Tattenbach did say it would be a mistake to place such power in the hands of a single country, and his critics think they have made a point when they remind us that Germany was the only country which objected to the Anglo-French Agreement; but there is no analogy between the two cases. When the question of police comes up France and Germany may not find it wholly simple to compromise their views, but whilst France is not prepared to adopt an extreme attitude she is sure of a large measure of support from the majority of the delegates and Germany will be content if she renders the ultimate absorption of Morocco by France impossible.

President Castro of Venezuela has a genius for affronting European Powers. He is now in difficulties with France, owing to the fact that he does not know how to bring a grievance, real or imaginary, to the notice of the other side without offence. In the present instance he believed that the French Cable Company were allowing their line to be tapped in the interests of the insurgents, who are a chronic thorn in his side. His self-sufficient manner of dealing with a delicate question has resulted in a break with the French Consul and the expulsion of the unoffending Venezuelan representative from Paris. When the American Consul, acting with the sanction of Mr. Roosevelt and in the interests of peace, attempted to intervene, he was unceremoniously and almost in so many words told to mind his own business. This presumptuous protégé of the United States apparently thinks he can flout all comers with impunity. France has sent warships to blockade the Venezuelan coast, and President Roosevelt has naïvely intimated that if she does not land troops—which she is not likely to do—there will be no question of the violation of the Monroe Doctrine. If troops have to be sent no doubt President Roosevelt will be ready to oblige with a few rough-riders.

Lord Justice Mathew has unhappily been compelled by reason of ill-health to resign his position as a Lord Justice of Appeal, and Mr. John Fletcher Moulton K.C., the distinguished patent lawyer, has been appointed to succeed him. Mr. Moulton has been in Parliament, and was a Liberal with rather pronounced Radical tendencies; but he has been outrun in politics by some of his professional brethren. His special gifts really marked him out for the career upon which he now enters. He is precisely the kind of man who is expected to make a Judge of more than ordinary distinction. No other practitioner at the Bar could have retired leaving so rich a heritage of practice for those who are fortunate enough to succeed to it. A mere individual can hardly hope for it all.

The Pitt celebrations have been rather slight and quite without enthusiasm. It is a pity this centenary should have taken place amidst the turmoil of a party election. It deserved a worthier occasion. Some people are surprised that Lord Rosebery did not make a beautiful speech or manage to unveil a monument or two of Pitt. But Lord Rosebery knows better than to waste his wit and choice gifts of speech on a public intent on other things. He prefers a listening world of sympathisers. The Master of Pembroke, Cambridge, however, careless of whether the public were attending or not, made a very pretty speech on the centenary.

Pitt, it seems, sowed not a single wild oat during his seven years at Cambridge: and all that time he never missed a morning or evening chapel except when he was ill! This was laying something like a solid moral foundation for life. Of course Pitt's alleged last words have been recalled by many writers during the week. But the question seems never to have been cleared up whether those words were "My country"—"how I leave my country", or "I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pies". Lord Rosebery is mainly responsible for drawing general attention to the latter version. Lord Rosebery, as the Master of Pembroke reminded us, has also raised the question of whether Pitt had his nurse with him during his Cambridge career.

Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, who died at Brighton on Monday at the age of 89, was born in 1817 when the position of the working classes was perhaps at its lowest; and he lived to see his class at least the rival of any other political party in the country. The new men are an uninteresting set compared with their predecessors and they are not intellectually on the level of Ernest Jones, Vincent, Cooper, or Holyoake. They got less schooling but they gave themselves a much better education. The North of England and the Midlands knew Holyoake as well as they knew Bradlaugh as a public debater on religion with such men as Brewin Grant; but this odd form of excitement has pretty well died out. He was much more usefully employed in advocating co-operation and he was not only one of the founders and constant advocates of it but the historian of the movement. He made three unsuccessful efforts to get into Parliament: but he had ample compensation in his intimacy with some of the greatest intellectuals of his day, Spencer, Mill, Lewes, George Eliot and many others. His early years were rough, but he fell into respectability at the last.

A fortnight ago the National Art Collections Fund had given up hope of being able to secure the Rokeby Velazquez. In the nick of time, however, a generous donor came to the rescue with a large donation, and a further effort was made. Another benefactor has guaranteed £8,000 at the last moment, and the picture is now the property of the Society, and only a balance of £3,000 has still to be found. The Society has deserved well of the nation, and it is odd that in newspaper comments complaints of the price that has had to be paid are at least as loud as gratitude for the purchase. Seeing that not a penny has been paid from public funds, and that the Society and its friends have stepped in to take the punishment of the enhanced price, these complaints should at least be addressed to the proper quarter.

#### THE PROSPECT FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

WOULD it not be wise for the Prime Minister, having won this great victory at the polls, to abdicate? If he retired from politics now, he would go down to posterity with a brilliant record. He would live in political history as the great man who in face of attacks from within and from without stuck to the Liberal leadership and finally led his party from the slough of despond to overwhelming victory. And the tale would be told how this far-sighted man, having won, had the sagacity to leave well alone and handed over the leadership to another; and as his friends, struggling with the difficulties he foresaw, sank surely into the abyss, every one said, If only Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had held on, all would have gone well. Why should he wait to see the brilliancy of his success dulled by failure, his popularity fading, his record spoilt? He should take to heart Lord Rosebery's disaster. If Lord Rosebery had left Sir William Harcourt to take the leadership and himself looked on, no one would have attributed the Liberal collapse of 1895 to him. Indeed, he would have been the *deus ex machina* to save the party, and would probably now be in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's place; for it could not then have been said that he had tried and failed: a verdict that has blighted Lord Rosebery's subsequent career. At this moment one cannot help regretting Lord Rosebery's mistake; not that we have any doubt of his failing as Prime Minister as completely as he did before, but we have the artist's regard for fitness, and Lord Rosebery would certainly have made a becoming headpiece to the colossal Liberal trunk. He is at any rate a striking personality: he is well up in the first class; what other Liberal is? Mr. Morley certainly; but Mr. Morley is hardly of this age. Mr. Asquith is at best a very able man; Sir Edward Grey is sagacious and high-minded; and Mr. Haldane is clever; but to make a man more than cleverness is wanted. And outside these three who is there to make a head, even a figure-head, for this leviathan of Liberalism? It is unsymmetrical enough from any point of view; but Lord Rosebery could have done a good deal at any rate to save appearances. But Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman! There is not a man in England, probably not an educated woman, who does not feel the incongruity of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman being Prime Minister at such a juncture as this: one of those unusual and great occasions which are pitfalls or opportunities according to their handling. They are dangerous for any but great men to touch. Mr. Gladstone himself was not equal to the opportunity or the snare that lay in his large majority of 1880. It proved too much for him. What then are Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's chances with a majority more unwieldy, less united, more self-assertive? Is he the man to face, cope with, and curb untried social forces, whose embodiment has made the problem of Parliament, and of Government, a new thing? Surely never was fate in more ironical mood than when she provided a political situation of unparalleled difficulty and significance precisely when the nation had for Prime Minister a smaller man than any who had held the post during the last half-century. There is not one thing in which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is really great. He can turn a phrase neatly enough; after dinner he can make a speech second only to Lord Rosebery himself: and there his distinctions end. A gentleman of course, genial, pleasant to meet, and amongst average folk no doubt a capable man enough; but for the Prime Minister of England we want something more than a good average man; and until Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman came we have had it, at least for the last fifty years. If he knew himself Sir Henry would certainly not be so unwise as to face the storm. There would be no want of valour in his avoiding it, merely discretion restraining temerity.

It is a matter of national as much as of Liberal importance that this Government should have a strong head. The advent of a Liberal Government always raises a host of false hopes at home and abroad. The less wealthy and less educated classes here very naturally look for a millennium when they have put in power those who have promised them everything and told them that all



their ills without exception are to be traced to the Government they have ousted. Abroad our rivals see an opportunity, if not for encroachment, certainly for gaining on us in the arrival of a Government which decries large armaments and means to save by reducing the army and navy. The colonies grow nervous and irritable when they see installed in power men who have not hesitated to denounce a war for British supremacy, and are in direct opposition to leading colonial opinion in fiscal policy. A Liberal Government might have the best possible political views, both domestic and imperial, and still it would have especial dangers (of its own making it must be admitted) to face: and for that reason it is nationally of more importance that a Liberal Government should have a strong head than a Tory. But this Government, faced with difficulties exceptionally serious even for a Liberal Government, has for a head not even its own best man. Mr. Morley on the one hand, and the three Liberal Imperialists (do they still so call themselves?) on the other hand are every one of them far abler men than the Prime Minister. What authority will he have over his Cabinet? When Mr. Burns wants to push a collectivist remedy for unemployment and Mr. Morley, with the individualist independence for which he is famous, declines to touch it, how much will either care for the Premier? When Mr. Lloyd-George insists that Wales cannot be retained for the party unless Welsh Disestablishment is taken up, and Mr. Asquith, remembering his bitter experience of Welsh Disestablishment Bills, objects, will either give way to the advice of the Prime Minister? When the Transvaal actively resents Liberal colonial policy, will Mr. Burns be listened to, and the Transvaal be told to go in peace, with a sneer? And will Sir Edward Grey agree?

Very well put together for appearance, and thus good for electioneering purposes, this is just a Ministry of checks and balances. If anyone is nervous of Mr. Burns' violences, he is referred for comfort to Sir Edward Grey. It is always Sir Edward Grey in whom the Cabinet takes shelter: he is a mantle of sobriety, serenity, and wisdom for them all. And if a stronger Premier is asked for, Mr. Asquith is produced, the strong man of the Government; he is to make up for any number of weaker colleagues. Every member makes up for some other member. The solemnity of Sir Henry Fowler balances Mr. Churchill; Mr. Morley balances Mr. Burns economically; while Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Haldane balance Mr. Morley, Mr. Lloyd-George, and Mr. Burns imperially. This nice arrangement of checks and balances looks beautiful on paper. The Government should be the pink of proportion; but set them at work, and they will check and balance so well that no movement will result. Nothing but a very strong head, quite above the rest of the Cabinet, could make such a Ministry work. A great Premier would know exactly how to lend his weight to one side or to the other, and so avoid a deadlock. A little Premier will spend all his time wondering on which side of his own Cabinet he shall come down. A Ministry of inferior men with a greater chief would work better.

Already they are beginning to realise that they have made for themselves not quite the softest of beds. One after another Ministers are asking for time, for patience, forbearance, consideration. Already the Chancellor of the Exchequer is beginning to sing a little piano; we must not hope for reductions this year; and Mr. Burns in the same key. And of course the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith especially is in a tight place. Ministers have made very much of the Unionist Government's extravagance and pledged themselves to reduce expenditure. How are they going to do it? On education? On the contrary, their education policy, as sketched by Mr. Birrell, will cost a great deal more than the present system. So far from saving on education, on that item they will add heavily to the nation's expenditure. Will their measures of social reform, housing, unemployment, temperance, tend to reduce taxation? Precisely the other way. These things ought to be done, but they cannot promote retrenchment. Then where will the Government reduce? The Army and Navy must be the vile corpus; they must be cut down to help the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Will Mr.

Haldane like that? Will the country like it when it realises what is going on?

And how is the Government going to deal with the colonial situation that meets them? A colonial conference in the ordinary course was due this year but Mr. Lyttelton proposed its postponement till 1907. When the time for the conference arrives, if the Government forbid the discussion of fiscal preference the Empire will want to know why. Only one reason can be given, or only one that would not be seen through at once; the Government fear the conference deciding against them on fiscal policy. No wonder, seeing that the Premiers of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony have expressed their desire for fiscal reform. It will be plain that they dare not face an imperial conference.

And what does the Government propose to do with the Transvaal, which is already in a condition of active protest against the attitude of the Ministry at home? They say they are going to leave them to settle the question of Chinese "slavery" for themselves. Have Ministers such contempt for those who voted for them as to think they will see no inconsistency in the Government allowing the colony to go on committing what they had told the electors was an infamous iniquity? It will not be long before this piece of hypocrisy is exposed. Some of the Labour members are likely to have something to say to the Government on the subject. One evening's debate will be enough. This will be the beginning of disillusionment.

#### THE RÔLE OF THE UNIONIST PARTY IN OPPOSITION.

THE task before the Unionist Opposition in the new Parliament will be a difficult and a delicate one. But those who think that it is foredoomed to a long period of impotence have not realised the actual facts of the parliamentary situation. The Unionist Opposition, it is true, for some time to come will not be able to stop Radical legislation by direct attack. But, indirectly, and by a judicious treatment of the diverse forces sitting opposite to them, they ought to be able powerfully to affect the order, the details, and sometimes even the main objects of the Ministerial programme. The Unionist Opposition emerge from the polls a united party. Even on the question of fiscal reform, in any shape in which it is likely to come before the House of Commons in the next session or two, they will be completely at one. The only shape in which it is likely to present itself within that period will arise at the convening of a Colonial Conference, with regard to the questions to be referred to it, and the procedure to be followed at it. On all such questions the few amiable and loyal free traders, who for personal or local reasons have found their way back to the House, will follow their leader with implicit obedience. On every other important question there is no shadow of a divergence of opinion on the Unionist benches. The Irish Unionists return a strengthened and a cohesive group. The too-candid Unionist critics of the late Government in the last House have all disappeared. There is an homogeneous minority of 150 under the leadership of Mr. Balfour. On the other side there is a heterogeneous majority under the leadership of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Recent history shows how gravely a determined body of some eighty Nationalists can deflect the policy of a great party, and chronically affect the course of business in the House of Commons. The Lives of Lord Randolph Churchill and of Sir John Gorst are reminding everyone of the dangerous impact which even four capable and unwearied debaters could make upon a majority led by Mr. Gladstone. It is too early to estimate exactly the damage which the free food group inflicted on the Unionist Government in the last two sessions. It was certainly very considerable. And yet as a body the free fooders wished to be loyal to their Government, and differed from it on only one great question. On the Ministerialist side in this new Parliament how many groups will now gradually take shape, which will differ from the Government not merely on one question, but as to the whole spirit and tendency of its policy?

The tactics of the Opposition should be directed to the detachment of these groups from their alliance with the Government, and to an even closer and closer co-operation with them. The two sections of opinion on the Ministerialist side which the Opposition must specially study are—first, that of the moderate Liberals who are imperialist; and, secondly, that of the labour members, who are trade-unionists before they are party politicians. As regards the imperialist section, it is obvious that from time to time questions will arise on which the Nationalists, the Socialists, and the extreme Radicals will express views and propose action which will sharply conflict with the honest convictions of the imperialists. Their convictions will be virtually the same as those held by the Unionists. It is extremely likely that any approximation between the imperialist Liberals and the Unionist Opposition on questions of foreign or Irish policy will be hastened by a community of sentiment on some purely House of Commons matter of procedure, of order, or of conduct. Matters such as these have always deeply moved the average member. It is highly probable that the impatience of labour men with the ancient methods and rules of the House, aided as they are sure to be by the Irish, will produce conflicts with the Chair, and crude proposals for violent changes in the habits of the House which will reveal in a strong light the sentimental differences which divide the modern Liberal from the extremists on his own side, and unite him to the Unionists on the opposite side.

With regard to the labour members, who are primarily trade-unionists, and not necessarily Radical, it is of the highest importance that they should soon see that the Unionist Opposition has no quarrel with trade-unionism, or with its reasonable demands. From many points of view it is sound Conservatism to secure the proper power of trades unions, and to listen carefully to the views of non-partisan trade-union leaders. What has happened since the Taff Vale decision has produced a political situation which all sensible Unionists should regard as intolerable. At these elections practically every trade-unionist voter felt bound to vote against a Unionist candidate, whatever his own views might be on general politics. Of course, this was not the case till now. There is nothing in the real interests involved to prevent the removal of this mischievous cause of friction between the Unionist party and non-Radical trade-unionists. The Opposition must take care that it is removed.

In the country, outside Parliament, the attitude of Unionist organisations, writers, and speakers will up to a point be dictated by the course of events in Parliament. They will reflect the views expressed by their leaders there. They will spread and explain the Parliamentary criticisms of Radical administration and legislation. They must co-operate with their leaders in gradually detaching from the existing mob of Radical voters the trade-unionists, who are not Radical, and the moderate Liberals, who are imperialist. But, beyond this, they will have opportunities for a larger work than will be open—at all events for some time—to members of Parliament. It must be the primary duty of leading Unionists in the constituencies to explain, to propagate, and to popularise the policy of tariff reform. These elections have placed these facts beyond dispute. The number of bigoted free importers amongst the rank and file of the Unionist party is absolutely insignificant. The policy of tariff reform is not unpopular. At this moment, it is true, it is not sufficiently understood. And it has been grossly misrepresented. It has also been overshadowed by other issues, and the prejudices engendered by diverse questions. But an overwhelming concurrence of evidence from all parts of the country goes to prove that the candidates who were boldest and most enthusiastic in support of this policy fared the best: and that where they were unable to obtain votes for it now they secured an interested hearing, and sometimes an avowal of actual sympathy with its main objects and methods which will lead to a future conversion to it when the mists of other controversies have been cleared away.

It may be useful to give specific proofs of the conclusion that tariff reform has become an essential and popular part of the Unionist creed, and that Unionist voters will

not stand opposition to it from their own ranks. Not one superstitious, or disloyal, Unionist free trader is returned to the new House of Commons. Wherever, as at Durham, and in the Lonsdale division of Lancashire, there has been a fight between a tariff reformer and a Unionist free trader, the latter has been beaten. The only striking instances of increases in the Unionist polls have taken place in those constituencies in the Midlands where the issue was most clearly drawn between support of, and opposition to, the policy of Mr. Chamberlain. That it can be made popular with an artisan community is shown by the course of the contest in the Rugby division of Warwickshire. Here the Radical member retains the seat by a small majority, but he owes this majority entirely to the lingering myth of the little loaf in remote villages, while Mr. Steel Maitland, the tariff reform candidate, has for the first time drawn to the Unionist side a large majority of the urban voters in Rugby itself. How far Radical lies may produce a revulsion from the Radical candidate, and a conversion to tariff reform, even with agricultural labourers is shown in an interesting way by the election in the Oswestry division of Shropshire. When the bye-election was fought there a year and a half ago, and Mr. Bridgeman, tariff reformer, was beaten, the Radical candidate made much capital out of the high price of sugar, which was alleged to be due to Mr. Chamberlain's policy, and to be a new and permanent burden on the poor. At this election Mr. Bridgeman has been at pains in personal visits to the cottagers to dwell on the present low price of sugar, and to ask them, if Radical allegations in this respect are so quickly proved to be false, why they should credit their kindred assertions as to the effect on the price of the loaf of the adoption of fiscal reform. The strange turnover of votes to Mr. Bridgeman at the present election is largely attributed by local observers to this object lesson in the value of Radical electioneering statements.

The work—the missionary and educational work—of propagating the principles of tariff reform may be entered upon with a good heart. The very greatness of the electoral defeat will in some ways facilitate the task. The front Opposition Bench in the House of Commons will be but sparsely filled. Scores of capable tariff reformers have suffered defeat. They must, and they will, turn their energies to the conversion of the constituencies. Gradually they will be able to present their arguments to listeners who will listen, and who will not be eager to interrupt these arguments by attacks on Chinese labour, or references to the Taff Vale decision. Gradually it will be comprehended that this policy is a truly imperial and national one, positive and constructive, instinct with the ancient sentiment and highest traditions of the Tory party, and yet in its direct encouragement of employment, and of an equality of opportunity for our working classes, adapted to meet the natural needs of democracy.

#### LIBERAL BLACKGUARDISM.

WE have no objection to plain speaking or hard hitting. Provided the elementary laws of honour are observed, the more vigorously the fight is fought the better. But in electoral as in real warfare there are certain methods which the civilised world bars as illegitimate, and among these are the use of physical force whether of lung or limb to silence the other side and the attempt to excite prejudice against opponents not by political argument but by scurrilous personal slander. No doubt in every election both parties are guilty of a certain amount of offence under these heads, but we believe that never has any party indulged in these illegitimate methods so indiscriminately and apparently so deliberately as have the Liberals on this occasion.

Let us take the case of mere animal ruffianism first. On 4 January Mr. Chamberlain opened his Midland campaign at Derby. Mr. Chamberlain is not a man who has ever shrunk from giving or receiving hard knocks in controversy, but controversy shrewd or otherwise was beyond the capacities of the Radicals of Derby. Their method of dealing with an eminent



statesman, bent on expounding to an industrial audience a policy which, sound or unsound, was clearly of grave national import, was to keep up a continual storm of confused sounds, catcalls and abusive interjections, which effectually prevented him from being heard by the vast majority of the audience, who wished to hear him, and eventually compelled him from mere physical exhaustion to desist. Exactly the same treatment was given to Mr. Balfour throughout his Manchester campaign, from his first speech, when every sentence was a signal for a dozen meaningless interruptions, to his last on the eve of the poll, when his voice was drowned by the shouting of music-hall songs and missiles were flung after him as he left the hall.

And the same brutality which attempted to silence the two Unionist leaders has been used quite as freely against their followers up and down the country. At Leamington Mr. Lyttelton's mouth was closed by prolonged shouts of "mongrel" and the somewhat inappropriate singing of "Rule Britannia". Mr. Arnold-Forster at Croydon, Mr. Whitmore at Chelsea, and Sir M. Bohnaggre at Bethnal Green, were all prevented from addressing their constituents by similar methods. In some cases open outrages have been perpetrated. In one East End constituency a bill-poster, while engaged in putting up a Conservative bill, was thrown from his ladder and sent home with a broken rib. In a small Cornish urban district organised mobs of Radical hooligans paraded the streets, breaking up Unionist meetings and threatening murderous assaults against the supporters of the Unionist candidate. Having an affection for Cornwall, we note with keen regret that Cornish Liberals have earned especial distinction alike for the shamelessness of their ruffianism and the impartiality of its application. This week at Camborne they committed outrages fully as abominable at a Socialist meeting, pelting Mr. Jones, the Socialist candidate, with mud, rotten eggs and refuse, and inflicting on Mr. Will Thorne, the newly elected member for South West Ham, who had been speaking for his fellow-Socialist, a wound caused by a kick on the ankle which might have proved very serious. This striking illustration of the much-vaunted Liberal sympathy with labour is made the more piquant by the fact that Mr. Thorne's victory was hailed by the Liberal press a few days before as a "record Liberal victory".

It may be answered that there have been sporadic outbreaks of similar ruffianism on the Unionist side, that Mr. Lloyd-George was refused a hearing at Leamington and the Prime Minister met with the same treatment at Shrewsbury. These Unionist offences cannot be excused, but it is essentially relevant to point out that in every case they were provoked by previous Radical attacks. The experience of the President of the Board of Trade at Leamington was obviously a consequence of what had happened to Mr. Lyttelton at the same place on the previous day, and the Shrewsbury affair was as clearly caused by the scenes at Derby and Manchester which immediately preceded it. There was no organised disorder on the Unionist side, and there is no reason to doubt that if the Liberals had suffered the fight to be conducted decently, their opponents would have been only too glad to do the same.

But bad as the mere animal violence has been, the use of personal slander has been an even worse feature of the contest. The meanest case was that of the leaflet entitled "War Supplies Scandals Past and Present" which was circulated in East Manchester with the object of damaging Mr. Balfour's candidature. This document sets forth how Mr. James Balfour of Whittinghame obtained the contract for supplying the navy with meat and made thereby £300,000. It goes on to explain that Mr. Arthur Balfour is the grandson of this Mr. James Balfour and "is an ex-Managing Director of the Affairs of State that permitted the South African war stores scandals", and it concludes "Does breed tell? If it does, then every vote given to a Conservative is a vote given to 'the Imperial thieves' kitchen'". Mr. Horridge and his agent of course repudiate this abominable production and no one suspects them or any reputable Liberal of being responsible for it. But the fact remains that it was issued in their interest and serves to show to what a

depth some of their partisans have sunk. So far as we know no attempt has been made by the Liberals of Manchester to discover the author of this outrage or to bring him to justice.

Unfortunately there is no question as to the responsibility of Mr. Richard Bell for an attack hardly less culpable. Mr. Bell, the Liberal member for Derby, stated in a public speech during the election that he knew of a fact about his opponent which would if known prevent his election to Parliament. Captain Holford immediately demanded a withdrawal and failing to obtain one issued a writ for slander. Mr. Bell then explained that the fact to which he had referred was that a composition had been offered to Captain Holford's creditors. Comment on this transaction is, we should hope, unnecessary. No man with a spark of generosity in his composition would ever dream of making the alleged pecuniary embarrassments of his opponent a ground of attack upon him, but to do so in language calculated to convey to the ordinary hearer the impression of some grave moral offence is really playing it too low down.

Equally unscrupulous, though we are glad to say less successful, were the tactics adopted by the Liberals in their attempt to wrest Hoxton from Mr. Claude Hay. Here the allegation was that Mr. Hay was fighting the election "on charity". The "Daily Chronicle" was the worst offender in this respect. Almost every day it contained some reference to the Hoxton contest in which a charge of direct and indirect bribery was insinuated. It tried to represent that the Christmas Parcels Fund, a charitable organisation without the faintest political colour to which Mr. Hay happens to be a subscriber, was being used for purposes of political propaganda. It alluded again to the "soup-and-blanket" brigade, who were alleged, without the faintest shadow of foundation, to be assisting the Unionist candidate. Even a gentleman among Radicals, Mr. Masterman, of whom we should have expected better things, repeats the insinuation in an article in the "Daily News". This insinuation of making capital out of charity, made in the Liberal press, became in the mouths of canvassers and street-corner speakers in Hoxton itself a direct accusation of paying electors ten shillings apiece for their votes. Nor was this all. Mr. Hay was further accused by anonymous slanderers of being a Jew, of promoting fraudulent companies, of being interested in a notorious sweating establishment in the neighbourhood. Fortunately Mr. Hay is so well known in Hoxton that such grotesque fictions did him little harm, but in the case of others they may have appreciably affected the result.

Nor is it only Conservatives who have suffered in this way. Exactly the same weapons have been used against Labour and Socialist candidates who have had the temerity to oppose Liberal officialdom. A particularly bad case reaches us from Burnley, where Mr. H. M. Hyndman opposed Mr. Maddison, the official Liberal candidate. Mr. Hyndman, having denounced Chinese labour, was accused by the Liberals of being financially interested in South African mines where such labour was employed. He promptly issued a denial. The Liberals replied by publishing an extract from the "Mining Manual" of 1905 giving Mr. Hyndman's name as a shareholder in the Wassau Mine, and adding: "The Wassau Mine is in Africa". They omitted to mention that it is in West Africa, and has no more to do with Chinese labour than a coal mine in South Wales. Another Socialist candidate for a Lancashire borough has been forced to bring an action for criminal libel against a Liberal partisan who described him as "a gambling tipster" and as engaged in running "a sort of bucket shop", neither of which accusations had even the remotest foundation in fact.

The sordid tale could be added to without end. These details are a fair sample of the bulk. It must be very distasteful, to say the least, for the leaders of the Liberal party to reflect on some of the methods which have won them their great majority. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has his own way of dealing with these regrettable incidents. When he hears of a Unionist meeting being broken up, he says he does not admit it was broken up by Liberals. It is so likely that Unionists would break up their own meetings.

## FRANCE AND THE NEW PRESIDENT.

IT is not very obvious why so much complacent satisfaction has been expressed over the election of M. Fallières as President of the French Republic. The whole affair is colourless, and it implies no change affecting in the slightest degree the present or future of French policy secular or ecclesiastical, domestic or foreign. There was it is true a sort of rival candidate in the person of M. Doumer who received whatever votes the groups of anti-Republicans cared to give against the thoroughly seasoned "ministable" Republican M. Fallières, who has spent long years in holding office of one kind and another in a succession of Republican Governments. But the support of these groups never for a moment made of M. Doumer a serious representative of their principles, or made of M. Doumer's candidature a real challenge to the Parliamentary Republicanism which to all outward seeming is settled down to enjoy its recent triumphs over the Church won for it by M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his successor M. Combes. M. Loubet was not able to prevent the anti-Church policy; M. Rouvier accepts and the new President approves it. M. Doumer's opposition to M. Fallières was merely a personal rivalry: that of a rising man with one who is reaching his last stages of political life. The President of the Chamber pitted himself against the President of the Senate. He saw a prospect of success in the dissatisfaction of a certain number of moderate Republicans with M. Fallières. They had not supported very warmly his candidature for election for the eighth time to the Presidency of the Senate. M. Doumer was not averse from eking out his Republican vote with the votes of the Nationalist and other anti-Republican groups; but as they did not suffice to make up for his Republican deficiency, he is now showing himself very anxious to disclaim that he had ever any intention of "being absorbed by the party of reaction". He had laid himself open to the suspicion of his Radical friends by his willingness to make use of the votes of the Right in his personal venture. The Right no doubt were not disinclined to sow discords in the ménage of their opponents. This strategy could do it no harm, but it could not for a moment have intended to fight a serious battle with M. Doumer as its leader. The recent omens were all against it. Whatever defection there had been in the election of M. Fallières to the Presidency of the Senate he had in fact been elected. More recently, when the elections for filling up the vacancies in the Senate caused by the triennial retirement of a third part of its members took place, the electoral colleges, as Mr. Bodley said in his last Saturday's lecture to the Royal Institution on "The Church in France", sent back to the Luxembourg, scarcely without exception, the Senators who voted the Separation Law.

The election of a President of the Republic is not determined by a direct appeal to the people as it is in the United States. It is in the hands of the Parliamentary majority who have carried all the recent anti-Church and educational measures which are hateful to the Right as well as to all moderate and fair-minded people in France; and repugnant in the severity and injustice of their administration to every man, who is not fanatically anti-clerical, of whatever nationality he may be. In taking part in the election of the President the Right were not appealing to a superior court or a superior authority but to the court or authority which had already shown the bitterest animosity against their cause. Parliamentary Republicanism presented no means of escape from the toils in which it had involved them; and no President who could be elected in the circumstances would be other than the nominee or tool of the Republican majority who had already treated them so spitefully. The upholders of the right of religious education in England might as well expect consideration and justice from the motley crowd who will form the majority in the next Parliament, as the supporters of the Church and the rights of conscience in France expect a reversal of the judgment given against them by the Republican majority, or any mitigation of its fanaticism from the moderating influence of any President whomsoever. Their help-

lessness is only one phase of the general helplessness which, as Mr. Bodley shows, affects the whole body of Conservative opinion in France; not of the politicians but the bulk of the French people themselves.

It must be conceded that so far as relates to the Law of Associations of 1901 the electorate confirmed this policy in 1902. The rest of the story is either that of a parliamentary majority acting without a mandate or of the chapter of accidents bringing about results which had not been contemplated. The first point of departure, Mr. Bodley points out, was the retirement of M. Waldeck-Rousseau in 1902 owing to ill-health. "The elections had largely increased the Socialist party in the Chamber, and they acted primarily as an extreme left wing of the Anti-Clerical Radicals. Their anti-religious zeal might have been restrained under the direction of M. Waldeck-Rousseau; but under his successor, M. Combes, the Associations Law was applied in a manner not anticipated by its author, and was supplemented by other legislation which included the law of July 5, 1904, suppressing the teaching orders." Then came the visit of the President to Rome when there was a new Pope who neither understood France nor her language and a Prime Minister "of unconciliatory attitude towards the Church of which he had once been a minister"; and this unfortunate combination led to the rupture of diplomatic relations. "The abrogation of the Concordat and the separation of the Church from the State which followed were brought about not by any irresistible wave of opinion in France but by a series of accidents. Had sickness and death not removed Leo XIII. and M. Waldeck-Rousseau, it was humanly impossible that the Church in France could now be disestablished. Had not Austria at the Conclave by its ancient right of veto prevented the election of the old Pope's pupil in diplomacy, Cardinal Rampolla, and had M. Rouvier, an Opportunist of the school of Gambetta, like Waldeck-Rousseau, become Prime Minister earlier, the Concordat might have been preserved. Rarely in the history of free peoples had there been a similar case of legislation so revolutionary and so wide reaching in character without a strong popular demand for it." What this means is that the Republican majority, returned by the electors for the purpose of securing the stability of the Republic, took advantage of the position to overthrow that arrangement between Church and State as an integral part of the system established by the first Napoleon to which is due the stability of France through all her changes of government. It was a mauvais tour to serve the French people, even if we grant the indifference which Mr. Bodley ascribes to it. If to this we add the spoliation of the property of the Church, and the obstruction of its religious and educational mission, we have an instance of tyranny and an attack on personal and proprietary rights for which we should have to go to the early days of the Great Revolution for a parallel. Yet these injustices were committed under the presidency of M. Loubet, who was either helpless to interfere or was particeps criminis; and M. Fallières' chief merit is supposed to be that he will be a second M. Loubet. In any case the practical influence of the French President is overrated, and he is driven whither his ministries will. M. Loubet himself has spoken to this effect since M. Fallières' election. And as far as foreign policy and friendships are concerned, these are decided at present neither by the personality of M. Loubet, nor M. Fallières, nor M. Doumer, but by the international situation itself. As to French domestic politics there is little hope that under M. Fallières there will be any mitigation of the rigours exercised against the Church under the régime of his predecessor.

## THE CITY.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Schuster and other chairmen of banks have a uniform tale of growing prosperity to unfold, the Stock Exchange has not been in a particularly happy frame of mind during the past week. A rumour was started, how nobody can tell, that the Government meditated handing back the Transvaal to the Boers. The fact of course is that Mr. Smuts is in London, and that the object of his mission is to persuade the Govern-



ment to alter the basis of representation from electors to population, which would have the effect of giving the Boers a majority in the new Transvaal legislature. We have some reason for believing that Mr. Smuts has not succeeded in his object, and that there is no cause for alarm. The very largeness of the Radical majority is a guarantee against the Government committing such an act of suicidal insanity. Chinese labour has served its purpose of winning elections, and will now be shelved as soon as possible. But the rumour depressed the Kaffir market seriously; and as the matter is sure to be raised when Parliament meets, and as some of the new members, hot from the platform, are sure to let off violent speeches, it would be safer, from a speculative point of view, not to buy South Africans until the debate on the Address is disposed of. Another business which gives some nervous people "cold feet", as the Americans say, is the Morocco Conference at Algieras. It is confidently asserted by a certain class of panic-monger that war between France and Germany is a certainty. We regard this as abject nonsense. France will not, indeed cannot go to war, and though Germany may insist on the acceptance of her own views, the chances of a rupture are not serious. All the same it is possible that the markets may be disturbed by canards in the evening newspapers. The fact that we are entering upon a period of prosperity and development after a long period of depression and anxiety does not dispense with the necessity for caution, at all events for the next six weeks. The market for American rails was very active last Saturday and for the first three days of the week. Steel Preferred rose from 110½ to 116 in a few days, and Steel Commons touched 47. Readings were run up by the pool to 84, Union Pacifics at one time reached 164, Denvers were 51, and Chesapeakes rose from 56 at the last account to 63 on Tuesday. On Thursday there were signs that the pace had been too hot, that the Reading pool was being dissolved, and that generally the market was topheavy. Steels, Unions, Readings, Louisvilles, began to descend, though Chesapeakes were steady. The meeting of the shareholders of the Steel Trust will be held shortly, and it is said by the well informed that the holders of Steel Commons will be disappointed, and that as there is an enormous bull account in these shares the drop may be substantial. Altogether the American market is in a rather dangerous condition owing to speculation, though the prosperity of the United States is as undoubted as ever.

The prospectus of the Malacca Rubber Plantations is certainly an honest document, though we cannot see where its attraction for investors comes in. The capital is £300,000, in £115,000 7½ per cent. Preference shares and £185,000 Ordinary shares, of which 95,000 Preference shares are offered to the public. The company has been formed for the purpose of buying the Bukit Asahan estate in the settlement of Malacca for £225,000, of which £65,000 is to be paid in cash, and £160,000 in shares (20,000 Preference and 140,000 Ordinary). After paying this purchase price, there will remain out of the 95,000 Preference shares subscribed by the public (if they do subscribe) £30,000, which together with £45,000 Ordinary shares which have been subscribed by the vendors and their friends, will be available for working capital. So far all is well. But everything turns on the value of the estate to be acquired as a rubber proposition, and that can only be estimated from the opinion of experts. The directors very honestly inform us that Mr. W. W. Bailey, a well-known rubber planter, has made a most unfavourable report (which they enclose in the prospectus) on the estate, putting its value down at £76,181: but that Mr. A. W. Copeland, who is not a rubber planter but has lived twenty years in India as a planter of some other kind (presumably tea), has reported very favourably. Why should Mr. Copeland, who is not a rubber planter, be more right in his valuation of the property than Mr. Bailey, who is a well-known rubber planter? The directors go on to say: "The cultivation of rubber in the Straits Settlements is still in the early stages of development, and the data available are, in the opinion of the directors, insufficient to enable any reliable estimate of the yield to be formed, and the directors

feel that further experience is necessary before an attempt can be made to estimate the probable profits. They are, however, of opinion that the company should soon be earning sufficient profits to enable satisfactory dividends to be paid on the whole of the share capital". All this is exceedingly honest and straightforward, but it is certainly not encouraging. Contradictory reports by experts, no data on which to form a trustworthy estimate of profits! Then why should the public subscribe £95,000 or 95,000 pence? It is true that Tan Chay Jan has agreed to deposit £15,000 for making up any deficiencies in the Preference dividend for 1906 and 1907. That is something; but we should advise intending subscribers to see that the deposit is there before paying their money.

## INSURANCE.

### ON STARTING NEW COMPANIES.

A PUBLISHER once estimated the number of books which were written, published, and successful. He said, so far as we remember, that out of ten thousand written, one hundred were published, and one succeeded. We doubt if so favourable an estimate could be made in regard to insurance companies projected, established, and prospering. Probably because well-established insurance offices are frequently extremely profitable to the shareholders; because insurance calls for the payment of cash by policy-holders, and many people desire the handling of cash, the temptation to form some sort of an insurance company is unusually great. There is a further reason for embarking on such enterprises. People unacquainted with the subject fancy that it is quite a simple matter, the details of which can easily be acquired, while they rely upon the ignorance of the public for subscribing to any company that contains the magic word "insurance".

It falls to the lot of some of us to hear about these enterprises in their initial stages, and to be seriously consulted as to the probable success of accomplishing the impossible. A cold douche of common-sense is happily sufficient to terminate the majority of these enterprises before much money has been wasted upon them. Far too many, however, survive. It is only possible to abstain from calling some of them frauds by realising the crude ignorance of the promoters. A little time ago there was an epidemic of pension tea companies, some of which succeeded in victimising the poorer classes to a large extent. A few proceedings in the law courts terminated enterprises of that kind.

The next fashion was in bond-investment companies. The usual plan was to promise that in return for 5s. a month for a number of months varying from 120 to 150 the company would pay the bondholder £50, while from time to time some of the coupons attached to the bonds would be drawn for early payment. A very simple calculation shows that if compound interest were earned at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum and no bonds were paid off before the end of the term, the payments, after deducting the specified allowance for expenses, would not suffice to pay the bonds. We were consulted by several people interested in such companies who made vague statements, contradicted by evidence, that the discrepancy would be made up by lapses and surrenders. Another favourite argument was that payments to early bondholders would be provided by the contributions of later entrants, which means that though each bond involves a loss the issue of many bonds earns a profit. For the most part people who argued in this way had no intention of defrauding anyone, but were unable to anticipate that the company would ever come to an end. Assuming perpetuity, with a constantly increasing influx of new members, they held that the accumulation of large amounts of funds was unnecessary. The career of such companies as these has probably been effectually terminated by the findings of the Departmental Committee on Bond-Investment Companies, whether the recommendations of the Committee are embodied in legislation or not.

Small local or trade companies, especially for plate glass and fire insurance, are constantly being formed

and frequently meet with the limited amount of success anticipated. Quite occasionally experienced insurance men start companies for doing a general business. Among recent examples of this kind may be mentioned the Profits and Income, and the United Legal Indemnity, both of which bid fair to succeed and become profitable to the shareholders, as well as advantageous to the policy-holders. Another instance of success on a large scale was the Central Fire Insurance Company. This worked as a non-tariff office and has been a conspicuous success. The announcement has just been made that it has now joined the Tariff Association, which is the normal fate of all successful fire offices. The shareholders will doubtless gain from this step having been taken.

The formation of new life assurance companies is a still more difficult matter, partly because it is necessary to find £20,000 to deposit with the Court of Chancery, and partly because new life offices find it impossible to show any prospect of doing so well for the policy-holders as well-established companies. We have known so many people, doctors especially, who have lost heavily through investing in new insurance companies that these records of difficulty and failure seem needed as a warning.

#### MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S BOOK.\*

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S long-announced book has at last appeared, and a very interesting book it is. Some people have become tired of the endless stream of writing about the Pre-Raphaelites. Certainly there has been a great deal that is tedious and unprofitable in half-informed biography and muddled criticism, but I confess that I never cease to be interested in any scrap of first-hand matter. If the problem in physics of determining the action of three bodies upon one another was a complicated one for a Newton, how much more complex is that presented by three imaginations interacting! Hunt, Millais, Rossetti, with Madox Brown as a fourth body disturbing and disturbed, four people as different as could well be from one another in temperament, and concerned together in remoulding the art of painting—that is the tangle to unravel. There are plenty of such tangles in what is called the history of art, but it is very seldom that the actors have each told his own story. In this case we have a diary and letters by Madox Brown, diary and letters by Millais, diaries and letters by Rossetti and his brother, and finally a consecutive narrative and criticism by Mr. Hunt. We ought, then, to be able to see these figures, modelled from one side and another, almost solid, or at least with a stereoscopic vividness. They picture one another in friendship and in the colder light of estrangement; they appear by ones, by twos, and by threes. All this does give to the discerning reader a certain amount of illumination, though, after the manner of History, at critical points a veil is apt to descend. She has the ways of a conjurer, whose explanations obscure the trick. We are left balancing the truth and fallacies of the legend a man makes about himself against those that his friends and his critics make about him.

At the same time if we cannot trace out all the super-chemical interactions between different minds, there is a stubborn physical basis of works and their dates to which any account of the matter must be fitted; and this has been entirely neglected by many of the glib writers. The favourite form of the legend is that Madox Brown was the father of the movement, and that through his pupil Rossetti his influence spread to the other two. I have done my best, in these columns and elsewhere, to point out the very shaky foundations of this legend. The authors who gave it widest currency, M. de la Sizeranne and Dr. Muther, had confused Madox Brown's "Lear" of 1867-79 with the picture of 1848-54. I cannot repeat the whole story of dates here, but may say shortly that the pictures by Mr. Holman Hunt that resemble works by Madox Brown (such as "Work" and "The Last of England"), were painted before them and not after. Rossetti doubt-

less divined something for his own purpose in Brown's early work, but he himself was an influence on the later; that, however, need not be discussed at present. In justice to Mr. Hunt it should be admitted that what he understood by Pre-Raphaelitism, namely the unconventional, close and minute study of nature, including open-air landscape work, and the rendering of this by a peculiar technique, were developed by him in conjunction with Millais independently of Madox Brown and in advance of him; that Rossetti carried out his first picture, the "Girlhood of the Virgin Mary", under Mr. Hunt's technical tutelage and in his studio; and that Madox Brown took over the minute verisimilitude of "Work" from the "Hireling Shepherd" and "Ophelia", and at one time adopted the wet-white technique as well.

What it might be fair to claim for Madox Brown in this part of the movement is that his studies were tending in the same direction. The claim would rest on his "Chaucer" picture. The idea of this came to him after seeing Maclise's "Chivalry". It was in his head when he went to Rome in 1845 and he was hard at work on it in 1847. It had come to him, he tells us, as a sunny outdoor scene, and he made some studies for it in direct sunlight. How far he had realised such an effect at this date it is impossible to say, for the painting went on till 1868, and the picture finished at this time, the "Wiclif", is much more conventional. However this may be, Mr. Hunt did not see the picture till 30 September, 1848,\* and he had spent part of the summer in making background studies for his "Rienzi", in the new manner, and a foreground with minute details of dandelion puff, a bee, and so forth. The impulse he had received from "Modern Painters" was at work.

Mr. Hunt tells us that Brown's picture struck him as a piece of Overbeckian revivalism, and regards Rossetti as tarred with the same brush. In his desire to proclaim his own independence he is unfair to the originality of both, but his remark incidentally reveals what was the background of the English Pre-Raphaelite movement. Behind the English Pre-Raphaelites were the German Pre-Raphaelites, and the connecting link was the Westminster Hall competitions reflecting the activity of Cornelius and his school. Madox Brown's "Chaucer" was a fruit of these historical-romantic programmes, and we have to imagine the stage as peopled conspicuously by Dyce, Herbert and others, the English followers, while the fathers of the movement were fairly familiar through lithographs and engravings. There is a little incidental piece of evidence in Mr. Hunt's mention of Führich's outlines along with Lasinio's engravings at the famous foundation meeting of the P.R.B. The German Pre-Raphaelites retained much more of Raphael in their design than they knew, but struggling with him there is another influence, that of Dürer. The English knew less of early Italian art than the Germans—there were no Italian Primitives in the National Gallery in 1848—and there came through to them by way of these Germans a far-away influence from Dürer. I must not develop the point here, but let anyone study the "Death as Friend" of Rethel,† the finest designer of the school, and go through Rossetti's designs. The influence of that platform, high up, with its views over the world, its stair and bell, the whole build and detail of the scene seem to have had a part in breeding "Fra Pace", "Galahad", the "Death of Beatrice", and many other pieces.

So we can creep near to the crystallising point. We trace certain ingredients and processes; the disintegration of current English picture-making by the fresco-work, which meant firm outline, finishing bit by bit on the wet-white, clear-pitched colour, programmes of romantic history as in Germany ("Lear" for example, invoked to answer to Charlemagne). We have allowed for what was Mr. Hunt's peculiar part, the intense application to the thing seen, communicated by him to Millais, and as far as could be done to Rossetti. But something baffles us at the critical moment, a new

\* The exact date is given in Madox Brown's diary. "Rossetti called with Hunt, a clever young man."

† Mr. Hunt seems to be referring to him on p. 104, vol. ii., but calls him Burkner.

\* "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." By W. Holman Hunt. 2 vols. Macmillan. 1905. 42s. net.



imaginative turn in seeing human beings and life, and corresponding strangeness in design. It is present in Rossetti's first picture and in drawings before that picture. The new vision was present, and this is to the point, in his poetry. Millais, coming back late in the autumn when Rossetti's picture was being painted, invents his "Lorenzo and Isabella" as if he had become a different man since his last picture, the "Cymon and Iphigenia"; the same spirit creeps into Mr. Hunt's "Isabella" design.\* Where did the spirit come from? From Rossetti, surely, though the other two looked upon him as a backward pupil who had none of their facility, practice, or persistence in getting a design painted. This imaginative gift of design was permanent with Rossetti; it was a passing phase with the other two, giving a strange value, while it lasted, to Millais' intense power of representing, and bearing fruit, with Mr. Hunt, in the drawing for the "Lady of Shalott".

Mr. Hunt's desire, justifiable enough, to establish his rights in that part of the movement to which he would fain limit the name "Preraphaelitism", has an unlucky effect on a good deal of his narrative. He is divided between the feelings of old comradeship and long-growing irritation, and a mixed attitude like this poisons writing. It also accounts for a great deal of trivial matter and the needless pursuit of minor persons associated with the movement. It is a pity that this part of the book was not disposed of in a single chapter, with a clearly dated sequence of events and table of works. A chapter headed "1847", most of the events of which belong to 1848, and long conversational speeches, of a rather Thucydidean character, do not make for lucid history. In other parts of the book there is too much of the matter of the ordinary book of reminiscences, those meetings of celebrated people in later life that do not lead to very much. In some cases, Carlyle for example, a flame is struck out, and in nearly every case Mr. Hunt is able to give us at least the exact height of the person. Out of the prolixities and even the unmagnanimous parts of the story, odd little lights are cast upon history. One sometimes wishes that only the generous years of artists were put on record. It would make a braver legend for humanity. But sad wisdom as well as curiosity may have a use for an exposure of vicissitudes.

Several parts of the book are free from the souring influence. There is the description of early years, the childhood in a City that is already ancient, with moments sharply remembered and conveyed, like that of the eager boy watching the old painter from the staircase. There is the comradeship with Millais, preserved to the end against all likelihood. There is the tale of the Eastern pilgrimage. What strange tasks Art lays upon her children! Here was one of them who had made painting an affair of almost insuperable difficulty at home, and having reached his goal in that "Hireling Shepherd" which remains his masterpiece, must needs begin to pile up the difficulties afresh by going to a country where people might not pose because of the "evil eye", where even for long-suffering scapegoats painting was the last straw, so that they died; where the painter, as he sat at his easel, had to keep his rifle ready against thievish Bedouin. And all this to drive home the fact, unwelcome to Christians and Jews alike, that Jesus Christ was a Jew! The tenacity and resource displayed make this an exhilarating part of the tale. Who for instance but Mr. Hunt would have thought of getting over the fear of the sitter lest his painted image should slip into Paradise and leave him outside, by baptizing the image (as "Jack Robinson") so that he could not get into the Jewish heaven?

Thus did the indomitable man pursue Truth, and also a dreadful something that he called Beauty; this Beauty, as it grows, some of us cannot abide, and it is perhaps the fantastic character of the Truth in the earlier works that we admire.

D. S. MACCOLL.

\* If the "Girlhood of the Virgin" is Overbeckian and revivalist surely this is; that is to say there is some very poor Gothic detail in both.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

HERE, where I stay for the moment, the theatres and opera are open on Sundays; the cafés are open and the most hardened nonconformist can play billiards; if you are bound to lunch away from your own premises—and you generally are in London, for your housekeeper refuses "to work Sundays"—you are not ignominiously hounded out at three o'clock. Many sturdy nonconformists have asked who invented that awful device, the French Sunday; and I, with no less fervour, am anxious to know who invented that devilish device, the English Sunday. Who was it tried to shut up the Sunday afternoon concerts? I can fancy someone replying, Oliver Cromwell. But Oliver was far too fine a respecter of other people's opinions to shut up places on Sundays because he wanted to pray then: Oliver had too firm an eye fixed on the solidity of his own throne. It is the nonconformist, with that accursed conscience of his, that conscience which serves him so usefully save in his business transactions—it is the nonconformist, the Puritan, who has made the most miserable day of the week of what used to be, in the ancient days, the days when a true religion flourished, the most joyful. Well, all praise be to the nonconformists. With their wretched Lord's Day Observance Society, their goodness-this and goodness-that society, they have taught us the importance of suppressing them. We can turn the tables on them, or at least we can upset their pretensions. A man is not necessarily holy because he belongs to some nonconformist sect. On the contrary, during the last twenty years there has been hardly a notorious criminal on the larger scale who was not a nonconformist. The Romanists and members of the Established Church have to hide a diminished head when this fact is mentioned.

Now, against the nonconformists personally I cherish no animosity: I am told that many of my forefathers belonged to curious denominations, and as I have reason to believe that a fair percentage of them was hanged there seems also reason enough to think that they did. As long as the nonconformists stay in England and don't interfere with my liberty in France I cannot complain. If I had my way, of course, I would close all their chapels during public-house hours; I would be able to stay in my restaurant until nine or ten in the evening and eat and smoke in peace and emerge to see crowds of people waiting to get into that children's brick-box building in Tottenham Court Road. But as I cannot have my way I can do neither better nor worse than leave other people to have their way. Those who cannot get away from England must needs stay at home; and those who must needs stay at home must look after their own interests and not expect those who are abroad to do so. After all, if I happen to be in a dry region, is there any reason why I should put up my umbrella merely because it rains in England? Generally when it rains, not concerts, but interdictions to go to concerts, I am out of England. Let those who remain take up their cudgels and break the stiff neck of the nonconformist. All he wants is to get up to a lazy breakfast in the morning, snooze through a sermon, whine through some villainous hymn, eat a big Sunday dinner, go to sleep, wake at five in a frightful temper, go to chapel again, return home, scold everybody, eat a wretched cold supper, and go to bed thanking his Maker that to-morrow is Monday and that he'll be free to do what he likes. This is the average nonconformist Sunday and no one can dispute it. I know it inch by inch and minute by minute from the uprising to the going to bed: I have seen it, not once but a thousand times: I have lived in it.

All this is not irrelevant: the people who love this sort of Sunday are the people who dictate to me how I am to spend my Sunday, who also go further and try to interfere with my liberty every day of the week. Suppose that I want—for some strange reason—to hear the "Samson et Dalila" of Saint-Saëns: I must go—one might almost say—to church to hear it. The subject, as treated by Saint-Saëns, is thoroughly pagan, thoroughly frivolous; but though his achievement may not be performed in a theatre because the

subject is too sacred, it may yet be performed in a church although the subject is too nasty. But "Samson et Dalila" is an extreme instance. These poor folk draw the line long before arriving at "Samson". The Pastoral symphony drives them to over-eating; the Choral, I expect, drives them to prayer. You can hear either the Pastoral or some other symphony of Beethoven nearly every Sunday in France: excepting at the Queen's Hall you cannot hear them at all in England. We are a religious nation and by all things that are improper—such as Handel's "Susannah" and Saint-Saëns' "Samson"—we mean to stick to it.

Here the nonconformist has no jurisdiction. If I meet him in the street, he is generally on the way to a music-hall. If he does not go to the opera, it is because he is afraid of tumbling on other nonconformist friends; and if there is one thing more than another that your nonconformist does not love, it is coming across nonconformist neighbours on the same quest as himself. Anyhow he keeps out of my way (of a Sunday) as carefully as I get into his. I want to invite him to my box, and when he is forced to meet me face to face he wants me to go with him to a music-hall. In a mischievous mood I may go to the music-hall: in a more mischievous mood I may insist on him coming with me to the opera. Which method of revenge is the more cruel I cannot say: in any case, one or the other avenges many painful dull Sundays in London—Sundays made terrible by the nonconformist. (How pleasant a person he would be if only he would not pretend to have a conscience; it is a thing he has never had and has only read of in the sermons of John Wesley.)

This, however, is a digression. What I meant to be at was this: that here, in Rouen, on Sunday—a day when I was less busy than usual doing nothing—I heard another performance of that new opera of which I spoke last week, "Les Girondins", and a performance of an old opera of which I have not spoken for an age, "La Traviata". How much of the "Traviata" I heard I cannot say. The hour was getting late and I was growing sleepy, so somewhere in the midst of the heroine's white-washy consumptive complaints I folded my umbrella like the Arabs at dawn and silently stole away. One operatic performance per diem is sufficiently exhausting: no reasonable man wants two. However, "La Traviata" was only a passing amusement for me: it was "Les Girondins" that I wanted to hear for the third time. The third performance only petrified my first impression. After striving to shake myself clear of all my national and other prejudices I could only say to myself, without any pride, that I was absolutely right in my first judgment. But one cannot shake oneself free of one's congenital prejudices any more than one can jump out of one's shadow; and perhaps some day Mr. Le Borne will find it as hard to appreciate one of my numerous operatic works as I find it difficult to appreciate his. My first conviction remains: this is *made* music: it never grew up wild, as Wagner said of the music of the "Valkyrie". There is nothing "wild"—in that sense—about it: it is either conventional, or saturated with odours of the boudoir, or artificial with a ferocious determination not to be artificial: the one thing that availeth in these days of close living in rabbit-hutches—the smell of the open air and flowers and grass and trees, the sense of flying clouds and running waters and shaking trees—all this is not there. Of course these are not the only things wanted: a few such trifling things as human passion are wanted; but in opera a background is wanted, and Mr. Le Borne's background is a miserable one.

However, we had opera here on Sunday. To those who do not know that trees grow on the French boulevards it may be surprising to learn that we had not a single oratorio. In England we seldom have oratorio on Sundays. Although an oratorio is supposed to be a sacred "piece of music", to sing it on Sundays would savour, in the acute nonconformist nostril, of irreligion. So he is left to his morning hymn, his sermon, his disgusting dinner, his after-dinner sleep and his bad-tempered tea: all these things are sacred in his eyes. But propose to him the "Messiah" on a Sunday afternoon and you could guess at oaths too deep for tears or words. The

French do not seem to me a particularly religious nation, but at least they have common and artistic honesty. Our puritan country is overridden with people who pretend to like a thing—i.e. oratorio—and when they have the chance of hearing it under somewhat favourable conditions turn away and shout about the immorality of the proceeding. They shout so loud that I wonder they don't wake one another out of that stomach-laden Sunday-afternoon slumber.

What, then, is the grand difference, between us, not only in our way of spending the blessed Sabbath, but in respect of the art-works we love. Well, the Frenchman has the opera he likes; and we, if we tolerate opera at all, have—?

The French, a clean, sweet opera = "Lohengrin".  
The English, a disagreeable oratorio = "Samson et Dalila".

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

#### "THE HEROIC STUBBS."

MR. JAMES WELCH, at Terry's Theatre, has begun well. I have often deplored that he, a born comedian, with a peculiar power for pathos, had never played a part worthy of his gifts. Year in, year out, he has been condemned to knock-about farces, distressing in themselves, and all the more distressing because so fine an actor was being wasted on them. I know not whether Mr. Henry Arthur Jones conceived and dramatised the character of Roland Stubbs without reference to any particular actor, or whether his initial motive was to give Mr. Welch a belated chance of glory. Certainly, if the part of Stubbs was not written "round" Mr. Welch, it suits him as well as if it had been.

It gives equal scope for precisely those qualities of pathos and of humour which belong to Mr. Welch, and which have but peeped out, hitherto, from his performances. In those moments of emotion which he has sometimes contrived to foist into his farcical impersonations, he has revealed a true power for tragedy. I know no English actor whose voice can sound so surely the tragic note. A voice is usually a good index to a soul; and tragedy, I suspect, is Mr. Welch's true métier. I can imagine him a magnificent Hamlet, even a magnificent Prometheus. Such dreams cannot, of course, be realised. Nature, jealous of Art, has enclosed Mr. Welch's soul in a tiny body, and has topped this tiny body with a comedian's head. Thus Mr. Welch's tragic power will never be able to manifest itself except in minor pathos—the pathos, especially, of a little man whose great soul finds no outlet, and no recognition, because the world judges by appearances. Such a little man is Stubbs. No one, looking at him, would take him for an idealist. Yet he is an idealist of the strictest sect: he has only one ideal. A certain Lady Hermione Candlish has presided over his soul ever since he was a boy. As he is only a bootmaker, she is unaware of her presidency. His sister has no patience with his infatuation. "What is the whole thing but an illusion?" she asks. Stubbs defends himself on the ground that "illusions pay". If he had fallen in love with a girl of his own class, he would have married, and would have lost that imaginative faculty in virtue of which he has thriven. He would have still been an assistant in that obscure shop where first he set eyes on Lady Hermione. He is master, now, of a shop in Piccadilly. And it is by the roundabout way of Lady Hermione that he has come there. He is a philosopher, you perceive. But, though he is not embittered, he feels the pathos of his position. Though he harbours no unreasonable wishes, he would like Lady Hermione to know something of what she means to him. He tries to tell her, while he is fitting her with a new pair of shoes; and Mr. Jones has written here a scene of admirable comedy—Stubbs' anxiety running away with his timidity, and Lady Hermione's sense of humour running away with her resentment. Throughout the play, Mr. Jones shows a keen observation and understanding of the class to which Stubbs belongs—the well-educated, vulgar, aspiring, frightened class of man that Mr. H. G. Wells has so often delineated. It is the first time we have seen this



class of man on the stage; and he could not have been more cunningly shown to us "in the round". Lady Hermione herself is a very well-drawn character. But Mr. Jones has often drawn her for us. She is but the latest addition to Mr. Jones' group of married ladies who have, for curiosity's sake, hovered on the verge of infidelity, and almost incurred a scandal. Usually they have been rescued by the sort of man whom Sir Charles Wyndham delights to impersonate. This time, the rescuer is Stubbs. It is Stubbs' ambition not merely that his love be told, but that it be proved. Lady Hermione has been flirting with a "dangerous" man, Mr. Dellow, who wishes to compromise her in the eyes of the world. He invites her to dine on his yacht, which is lying in port at Yavercliff. His intention is to take her, unawares, across the Channel. She, after some demur, accepts the invitation. Stubbs overhears her, scents mischief, determines to become her knight-errant, and telephones for a special train which shall reach Yavercliff before the train by which Lady Hermione and Dellow are to travel. Thus ends the first act, with all the bustle of a frantic chase. The second act, which passes in the parlour of the inn at Yavercliff, consists chiefly of a duel of wits between Dellow and Stubbs—a brisk and amusing duel, in which Dellow gains the day. Just when Stubbs is triumphing in the belief that the departing Dellow has surrendered Lady Hermione for ever, he finds that Lady Hermione has left the inn and joined Dellow on the yacht. He dashes to the window, sees the yacht steaming out of port, shouts for the landlord, charts a fishing-boat, and dashes out to the beach. Thus ends the second act, like the first, with all the bustle of a frantic chase. The third act ends with a midnight escape. Stubbs has rescued Lady Hermione from a watery grave, thus proving himself a hero in her eyes. But, though he has saved her body, her reputation is at the mercy of an enterprising and indelicate journalist who is staying at the inn, and who is anxious to discover her identity, with a view to booming the incident of her rescue. Stubbs decides that she must fly with him; and she flies. So far, the play is well-knit and ingenious, and never for a moment bores us. Mr. Jones has always been strong in the art of telling a story on the stage—unrolling a swift succession of cumulative incidents; and the first three acts of "The Heroic Stubbs" are a good example of his excellence. But in more than one of his plays he has tripped up over the fourth act. I think the fourth act of "The Heroic Mr. Stubbs" is decidedly an anti-climax. Apart from the character of Stubbs himself, the play appeals to us simply as a play of action. The character of Lady Hermione is, as I said, well drawn; but she is familiar to us, and we do not really care about her, except as one of the wheels in a swiftly-moving machine. When the machine ceases to go round, we are still interested in Stubbs; but we retain no interest in Lady Hermione. Will she confess her escapade to her husband? Will she be forgiven by him? These are not questions that enthrall us. Will the journalist discover her identity after all? In so far as that question is not yet decided, the play's machine is still moving; but only with a slow motion. We know that the journalist will be baffled, or "squared", or reduced to silence by an appeal to his better feelings. But, even if there were any doubt as to a happy ending, we should not really care. The play (like more than one of Mr. Jones', and like more than one of many another dramatist's) ought assuredly to have ended at the third act. As it stands, it could not end there satisfactorily. But, with a little alteration in the scheme of it, it might easily have been made to end there quite well. A good fourth act would postulate the writing of quite another play.

Mr. Jones has often lamented the paucity of competent English mimes. I myself hold that there are many of them. And I should have liked Mr. Jones to be cheered and convinced by a wholly admirable performance of his latest play. I am afraid that the actual performance of it will not lighten his gloom. Mr. Welch is, as I have hinted, perfect. But not one of the rest of the parts seemed to me played appropriately. The essence of Lady Hermione is an agreeable weakness. The essence of Miss Gertrude Kingston's personality on the stage is an agreeable strength. A

cool, direct, unfluttered Lady Hermione, always quite capable of taking care of herself, is not the Lady Hermione to whom Mr. Jones gave Stubbs as a guardian angel. She is, however, the Lady Hermione whom Miss Kingston represents. By reason of the definiteness of her personality, there are some parts which Miss Kingston can play better than any other English actress. There are, by the same token, other parts which many a far less accomplished artist would play more satisfactorily than she. Lady Hermione is one of them. Mr. Dellow is a rather perfunctory figure; but he is not a mere villain of transpontine melodrama; and it is as such, relentlessly, that Mr. Eille Norwood represents him. Lady Hermione's husband is not a character out of whom much could be made. But Mr. Dennis Eadie, one of the cleverest and most resourceful of our younger actors, ought surely not to seem turned to stone by him. The landlord of the inn at Yavercliff is an admirably studied character. Mr. E. Dagnall's version of him is amusing in itself, but is quite untuned to the key of realistic comedy: it is in the key of uproarious farce. As for Mr. Sydney Brough, who appeared in a small part in the last act, I thought that either he must be mad or I be dreaming. A few weeks ago I praised his admirable performance of a soldier-servant in a play at the Scala Theatre. I wish I were vain enough to think I had thereby turned his head. I am afraid that his extraordinary and quite uncalled-for antics and noises in the last act of Mr. Jones' play were simply the result of innate high spirits triumphing over art. It did my heart good to see how happy he was. But I could not help sympathising with the horrified stage-manager. Or had Mr. Brough really behaved like that during rehearsal?

MAX BEERBOHM.

## VILLAGE PORTRAITS.

### THE POLITICIANS.

THE village schoolroom on a rainy winter's night wears the same depressing air whether we meet there to relax our minds with a penny-reading, to reorganise the slate-club or, as to-night, to share in a national crisis by listening to the views of one of the candidates for our division. The whitewashed map-hung walls, the smell of paraffin and corduroy, the gritty floor and hard benches spoil the solemnity with a dreary familiarity: mingled associations of painstaking amusement and wasted business—the magic-lantern, the harmonium, the quorumless committee—haunt the place. Not all the periods of the squire in the chair and the attorney in support, talking against time till the overdue motor winds its horn without and the fagged candidate appears to face his third meeting to-night, can impress the candid hearer as they should. The speech of the evening comes faint and blurred to an intelligence already cloyed with hours of loose talk and endless columns of small print. From the expected phrase and the foreseen instance, the flashing joke with its inevitable peal of applause, the jaded mind wanders to the concrete, to the significance of the rows of listening faces, the crowd which, after all, differs a good deal from the penny-reading or slate-club gatherings. One may neglect for this time the front benches, the local gentry who have sacrificed the dinner hour to the occasion; the middle region, where the small tradesmen, the grooms and gardeners sort themselves with the postmaster, the schoolmaster, the keepers and bailiffs, has its own problems; but it is the throng which thickens towards the door, the hundred or so of labourers and artisans in their working clothes, whose thoughts supply the puzzle to beguile the commonplaces of the platform. The speaker's appeal to these as agriculturists is one of the customary town-made generalisations. The eighteen farms into which the parish is parcelled may employ some seventy men and boys—perhaps fifty voters: the half-dozen shops of the village street, the smithy and the little builder's yard employ as many hands between them. Roughly speaking, this division follows party lines; the craftsmen of the street are in the main progressive, the farm-interest is conservative: but fissures like this are subterranean, and there are several sorts of cross-

cleavage to confuse the social geology. Who guesses what is the precise pressure of the known wishes of the Tory squire, or of the Radical owner of the builder's yard, whom at the last election village murmurs charged with definite "influence"? Who will say what passed last pay-day between the farmers and their men? How far is the largest landholder's taking in of forty rods of the best of the allotments counter-balanced by the tenants' rational purpose of standing tolerably well in the landlord's books? A man may have his answer to these; but he has still to add to the sum the personal characters of the candidates, to set the bearer of an old county name, young and not very sure of himself, but patently honest and one of ourselves, against the clever foreigner, the witty and astute K.C. who is trying to raid the constituency with a flying column from town. It is a rich tangle, and as one looks at the rows of listening faces, the only thing one can feel sure about is that there seems to be very little room left in it for the influence of the great questions of the hour.

As the room warms and the air thickens, the observer who finds his game among the benches rather than on the platform will take to marking a face here and there in the crowd and trying to piece out, by knowledge and guess, something of the mind behind it. There are three men sitting together against the back wall, labourers who change neither boots nor coats for assemblies such as this, with a common cast of features perceptible through very diverse expressions. Old Tom Avery, tall and spare, with a fine melancholy face, sits listlessly with his chin on his hands crossed over his stick, his mind, one guesses, reposing in the vacant ease which with old rustics takes the place of boredom. Tom Avery's son, a thickset man of forty-five or so, with a grizzled bullet-head and massive jaw, follows the speeches with keen attention, unmistakably hostile, now and then throwing in a strident question on village polity: the lost allotments are pertinaciously kept before the meeting, and there is a cryptic reference to "chaff and swedes" whose humour is by no means staled at its first or second production. The third generation, Young Tom, a youth with a narrow foxy head and slack-shouldered frame, constantly interrupts the speakers with random noise, sometimes with the newspaper catchwords, more often with mere yelps and catcalls. The three are types of large sections of the audience. Old Avery's vote came to him too late to change his view of things. He keeps the old reverence for his betters and would leave the affairs of the State to gentlemen with time to give to them: his concern has been with hundreds of acres of turnips and thousands of lambs. He uncomfortably wonders at the blasphemies of his descendants. He recollects the old elections, when there were bands of music and barrels of beer rolled out into the street; there is no music and no beer to-day, but since the strange doings of these ends of the world have brought him a vote, he will give it the way his old master gave it in '55, which is also the way his master proposes to give it to-day. Tom the son is a builder's labourer at the yard, a famous worker, who has brought up a family of nine, sober and steady above the not very lofty average. His garden takes up most of his time after hours: at the Flower Show he habitually sweeps the board in the vegetable classes. He is a truculent-tongued demagogue amongst his mates; a professed atheist, he prefers the parson to the empty-handed Congregationalist. His politics, so far as glimpses of them may be obtained from his fellows in the yard, or in rare confidences vouchsafed to a nodding acquaintance of thirty years, are a methodical madness of Socialism, owing little or nothing to the ordinary party formulas. If there is one section of the body politic which he hates more than another it is the Radical majority which rules the Parish Council. Against the squire-and-parson dynasty the old grudge is nearly wiped out by Time's changes; against the landed interest in general and the new commercial gentry his hostility, though active, is largely traditional; it is against the schoolmaster and his wordy "educationalism", the little grocer whose bankruptcies he refuses to condone, the peripatetic insurance-agent and the rest, whose dealings with the green, the pond, the

cemetery are within his full range, that he carries his keen and restless feud. He has no book-learning; but his knowledge of detail pertinent to his local campaign is remarkable; with the family histories and the financial origins of some of our large landholders and moneyers he shows an acquaintance which might surprise those pillars of society. He has a certain following in the village, and has probably much more influence at election time than the party managers on either side appear to conceive.

Young Tom is not a serious politician; but as a symptom of the times he may be taken seriously enough. The rancour behind his repeated jeer of "lotments!" his crowing laughter and mere animal noise is unmistakable; his feeling is strictly local and personal; his Sunday excursions have given him his views of the game-laws, and his Saturday night drink his opinion of the Bench. Twice our attorney (who as magistrates' clerk knows young Tom very well) turns on his interruptions, holds him up and shakes him out to the laughter of the whole meeting, and as closing-time at the "Green Man" draws near he, with a score of his friends, tramps soundingly out of the room.

The speeches are too long, even for those who withstand the spell of the "Green Man", and the benches are half empty before we get to the votes of thanks. At length the stalwarts are dismissed, and outside we find the rain blown away by a keen gusty wind and the moonlight dazzling on the drenched road. The street-folk stop to talk at their doors; the outliers move for home without loss of time. Two figures on the high road get prudently into the hedge bottom as the candidate's motor rushes past; and when the flaring lights sweep away down the hill, old Tom Avery and a crony of his, Mas' Picknell from Little Jointure Farm, emerge and finish a brief discussion of the evening's entertainment. The wind ruffles pure and keen, and the moonlight steepens the dim quiet country; the drains shine like silver across the ploughed fields. The old men are back again at the eternal business of the land: it looks as if we might get some frost; the moon changes to-night, too, Mas' Picknell remembers: well, anything better than rain, now; if there was much more, 'twould be a funny job ploughing in the hollows. . . . Wonder as those chaps at the school-house didn't reckon, while they was on it, we'd have fine weather if they was to get in. Well, things have got to go on somehow, 'lections or no 'lections, and they'd come round somehow, if you waited, for all their chat. 'Twould dry up presently, next time the moon changed, if not this one: and there, the moon changed oftener than what people thought for. At that point they had come to the farm-gate and bade one another good-night. Far away down the valley the motor hooted, and from the "Green Man" door up in the village came an outburst of songs and halloos from young Tom and his friends.

#### STONES OF OXFORD.

J. R. GREEN, the historian, could never forgive his University for overshadowing and stunting the municipal importance which the geographical advantages of Oxford might else have secured to it. It is true that to rank with Athens and Florence may seem a higher destiny than to have cut out Reading in making biscuits; enchantments whispered from dome and tower and spire and grove may appear better than fumes vomited from factory shafts, and the sound of bells calling to prayer sweeter than the steam-hooter summoning angrily to soul-deadening toil. But to Green it seemed that Oxford might have been a great city and was a clericalist seminary.

And a generation ago it would have been a bold, bad man who refused to express scorn for the academic obstructiveness which, as long as it was able, kept the railway at arm's length, when Oxford could have had the accessibility and world-wide fame now secured by Didcot. London might have been a quarter of an hour nearer. Halfpenny newspapers would have arrived before breakfast. The demure, old-fashioned town of Oxford, with its cobbled streets, would have had a better chance of being like other places. University commissions, it



was true, had let light and air into what Progressive members of Parliament used to call the monkish rookeries where a retrograde learning shunned darkling, like Minerva's owl, the light of day—

"Umbrarum hic locus est, Somni Noctisque soporae."

Yet the rays of the rising sun of Liberal enlightenment took long to penetrate to Oxford.

But now, dazzled by too much light, the remnant that still frequents common-rooms begins to speak, whisperingly and doubtfully, in a new voice. There is a certain coldness towards those symbols of progress and contact with the outer world, the G.W.R. and L.N.W.R. Even the educational and broadening influence of the New Theatre has lost some of its impressiveness. Might not Oxford after all be happier and more in love with the higher knowledge if, instead of a noisy western suburb of London, it were some sacred city of Lhasa, or were as jealously secluded as Tennyson's Princess and her violet-hooded doctors, or that other Princess whose sleeping palace was hedged round by "a wall of green, close-matted bur and brake and briar", or even entowered Danae? So mere students have mused, and, plunging again into patient contemplation of schools' papers, have let the motors rattle by.

There was something, after all, in that wistful conservatism of seventy years since which pleaded that "it is a blessed thing for the country that there should be some one place fenced around with chapels and with cloisters where some few men may live and die removed from all this giddiness and din, to preserve ever the name of truth and the memory of the past". An old university is the natural guardian of the spiritual side of the nation's life. Where else will it find a refuge? Let Birmingham grant odontological degrees and Manchester have a chair of getting on in the world. But thou, adorable dreamer, sleep again!

"A fine city, sir, but a good deal out of repair." The American who said this of Rome might have said it of Oxford half a century ago. But except Peckwater, which is still preserved for New World visitors to admire as an example of crumbling and almost prehistoric ruin, scarce a stone in the whole place now wants repairing. We admit that what is now done is mostly done very well. The more recent work is not merely in the style of the old but has really caught its character. After Pugin, Buckley, Hayward and the early-Victorian mediævalists, whose work was a reverent and artistic but inexperienced imitation of Perpendicular, came the terrible period which gave to Christ Church, Balliol and Merton their new buildings, and enshrined Laudian principles in a brick barrack. Where, however, the architects of the seventies frankly went back to the old Gothic results—such as Exeter chapel (an English version of the Sainte Chapelle) or the New College chapel roof and new buildings *fuori le mura*—though regrettable, were courageous and inspiring adventures. Sir Gilbert Scott's sky-scraping edifice at New College is certainly much better than Mr. Champney's eastern extension of it, which is to Mr. Bodley's new building round the corner at Magdalen what Mr. Hugh Thomson's drawings are to the late Randolph Caldecott's. The Bodley and Jackson reign, which succeeded that of Scott, Street, Butterfield and Waterhouse, has since held its own unchallenged. These architects may indeed ask, "*quæ regio est urbis nostri non plena laboris?*" The attempt to return to a true domestic style of collegiate architecture has been scholarly and pleasing, and is now emerging from self-consciousness and a tendency to fussy ornamentation—who, for instance, can think that the successor to Pugin's gateway at Magdalen is an improvement on it?—and acquiring restfulness and restraint. Besides, the masons and carvers have recovered their skill. Mr. Jackson has had two great opportunities—the new steeple of S. Mary's and the costly Examination Schools. In the former, we hold, he has been entirely successful. The latter were an effort on an imposing scale to build once more a Jacobean pile. But it was a novel attempt, it was made too early (1874-9), and it can hardly be considered to have caught the delicate Renaissance

spirit of the early-Stuart Oxford. Behind is a gloomy, grass-grown and untrodden quadrangle, much too lofty, its depressing uselessness marked by a dead, black circle, like the socket of Polyphemus' eye, where the great clock ought to be. The University did not know what it wanted.

Mr. Bodley's supreme chance in Oxford was the Wolsey tower at Christ Church; but this, alas! is at present another eyesore, ruining the appearance of the city from a little distance; for its low and massive bulk was meant, as the little turrets at the corners show, to carry a superstructure which the poverty of that splendid foundation, or controversy about æsthetic effect, has fatally arrested. The result is as lamentable as the failure of Burgon's ambitious scheme for the interior of S. Mary's, and of the Queen's College scheme for making their chapel exceeding magnificent, was fortunate. Such works might be carried out well now, and are sorely needed; they were very unlikely to be satisfactorily performed thirty years ago. At Pembroke Mr. C. E. Kempe has shown how a small interior may be richly and devotionally embellished. Mr. Bodley himself has just built a most satisfactory church beyond Magdalen Bridge for the Cowley Fathers, the low tower of which is seen delightfully from the Cherwell. The interior, as should be the case in a conventual building, combines a severe simplicity with a purity and radiance of colouring which harmonise admirably. If we turn from this church to that of Newman's S. Clement's not far away, we see what leeway of architectural taste the Oxford Movement has had in seventy years to make up.

Of Mr. Bodley's lesser works—though the new timber roof of the Magdalen dining hall must not be overlooked—we like the Master's lodging at University best. Mr. Scott was adding at the same time a fine block to Saint John's. Mr. Jackson's additions to Brasenose and Trinity are not very happy; but he has done some nice work at Hertford; a new chapel is to be built there; and everyone wants to see what the bridge across New College Lane will be like, of which the springing stones are in place, to the wrath of the town council, who have also failed to stop University from throwing a pretty bridge over Logic Lane. The civic fathers have built themselves, in place of a harmless and respectable eighteenth-century town hall, some garish and pretentious "municipal buildings", and have cast away for ever the opportunity of making a charming meeting of the Four Ways at Carfax—how pretty a colonnaded circus would have been!—by allowing, instead, the erection of a flauntingly vulgar bank and shops. The removal of the modern S. Martin's Church, except the historic tower, the gowensmen's rendezvous, which Mr. Jackson has well restored, is the only architectural gain at this spot, the heart of Oxford. Excellent new buildings are rising at Merton, and Oriel will have a great chance of adding to the glories of Oxford when, with the Rhodes benefaction, it pushes northward through Saint Mary Hall into the High. One change which is rapidly altering Oxford, and will do so more and more, is the destruction of modest street premises to make way for undergraduates' rooms and tutors' houses. Even when these are tasteful—and experiments with red brick and shiny tiles are quite out of keeping with the place—the demolition of peaceful little old-world dwellings, as, for instance, at the east end of Merton Lane, is a pity, and does more to destroy the character of Oxford than the total razing of ——— College or ——— chapel and hall would do.

Yes, restfulness and grave, quiet charm—these, though Oxford a generation hence may be a much handsomer city, are gone or going from her for ever. They are just the characteristics which the old drawings and water-colours of the place had, and the new illustrated books which are constantly appearing about Oxford lack.\* Or, if the artists catch something picturesque, they spoil it by a bit of human realism—dons playing lawn-tennis, flannels and parasols, bicycles and trams. We should prefer to see Oxford as Hannah

\* Two such lie before us—a new edition of Mr. Andrew Lang's "Oxford" (Seeley, 6s.), and "Oxford", by Robert Peel and H. C. Minchin, with 100 coloured illustrations (Methuen, 6s.). 1905.

More saw it when "gallanted about" by Johnson in his doctor's gown—its venerable courts, dusty libraries, and prim, formal gardens, and its tender grace of a day that even then was dead, and now is irrecoverable.

### BRIDGE.

THE DISCARD (*continued*).

THE advocate of the weak suit discard is sometimes in a position to indicate his strong suit to his partner by the more simple process of discarding a high card from it. Thus, to take an extreme instance, holding ace, king, queen, knave, and others of a suit, he can safely discard the ace, without running any risk, and his partner will immediately place him with the entire command of that suit. Similarly, if he discards the king of a suit which has not been led, he is marked with queen, knave, and others, and so on. By a logical extension of this principle it has come to be understood that, whenever a player discards an unnecessarily high card, either against a suit declaration or in a No Trump game, he has considerable strength in that suit, and wishes it led to him. This is known as the "call for a suit", and it is a very useful convention, founded on the lines of the "peter", or call for trumps at whist. Before making use of this convention a player should be sure that he will have the opportunity of discarding twice, otherwise he may be deceiving his partner instead of giving him information. It has frequently happened that a player has commenced to call for a suit, but has not had the opportunity of completing his call before his partner has obtained the lead, and then, of course, instead of improving the situation, the attempted call will have upset it altogether, as the first discard, without the second one, will naturally be taken to indicate weakness instead of strength. For this reason, the first discard in a call should always be the highest card of the suit which can safely be spared, in which case a clever partner will jump at the situation and understand that it is the beginning of a call, when a fairly high card, such as a 9 or a 10, is discarded. Supposing that a player wishes to call for a suit of which he holds ace, king, 10, 9, 5, 2, the 10, and not the 5, is the proper card to discard first, because the discard of the 5 would only indicate weakness, whereas the first discard of a 10 is something a little out of the common, and should at once set his partner thinking.

It is always bad to blank a suit altogether by discarding the last card of it, as the position will be at once disclosed on the first round, and the dealer can then place every card in that suit and finesse to any extent against the other partner. Also, it is bad play to unguard an ace, unless it can only be kept guarded at the expense of throwing away winning, or more useful cards.

The first discard should always be made with the object of giving information to one's partner. It is waste of an opportunity to discard from a suit which he knows one cannot want led. The following is an instance of this. The third player's hand is:

Hearts—Queen, 7, 6, 2.  
Diamonds—8, 7.  
Clubs—King, knave, 9, 3.  
Spades—10, 7, 4.

The dummy, who has declared No Trumps, puts down

Hearts—Ace, 10, 4.  
Diamonds—Ace, king, queen, 9.  
Clubs—Ace, queen, 6.  
Spades—9, 7, 3.

The leader opens with four winning spades, and the third hand has to discard on the fourth round. His weak suit is diamonds, but the 7 of diamonds would be a very bad discard as it would tell his partner nothing, and would leave him to guess between the other two suits. The proper discard is the 2 of hearts, so as to make it plain to his partner, who can see that the diamond suit is against them, that a club is the desired lead.

If a player discards a diamond in such a situation as this, it can only be taken to mean that it is immaterial to him which of the other two suits is led, and his partner must then play entirely for his own hand. Following out the same sequence of ideas, if the third player's hearts and clubs were of no value, he then ought to discard a diamond, so as to say to his partner, "You cannot help me by leading any suit, you must play for your own hand", and an intelligent partner would read it in that way, and would probably put the dummy in with a diamond so as to get his own hand led up to. This is an instance of what is meant by discarding with intelligence, as against discarding by fixed rule.

In the early stages of a hand the discard is fairly simple, but towards the end of the hand, when there are only four or five cards left, it is often very difficult. As a general rule, a player should endeavour to keep a guard in the suit which his partner is discarding, and should not hesitate to unguard the suit which his partner is keeping, so as to divide the defence between the two hands. The dealer will lead out any winning cards which he has so as to force discards from his opponents, and their aim must be to give him as little information as possible, and no inference can be drawn from these forced discards.

The state of the score affects the discard at the end of a hand very strongly. When a player can see that the game is lost unless a certain card is in his partner's hand, he should discard as though that card were marked there, and not think of keeping guards which might possibly save a trick but could not save the game. It is more than useless to throw away a possible winning card in order to keep the queen of another suit doubly guarded, when the game is obviously lost unless one's partner holds the ace or king of it, yet it is constantly done, and then the offending player will say "The game could have been saved, but I did not dare to unguard my queen". It was the only possible chance, but how often is that one chance missed.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### HOW LONG WILL THE NEW GOVERNMENT LAST?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There is, I notice, a natural feeling of despondency—even of despair—regarding the position and prospects of the country in view of the overwhelming majority of raw and restless idealogues returned to the new Parliament: it is hastily assumed that the Government is in power for an indefinite period and that all sorts of evils will result according to the whim of this or that section of our new rulers. We in Ireland have as good reason as any for apprehension, but yet I can foresee much that will bring consolation, sooner perhaps than many have dared to hope. I find comfort in the study of a comparatively recent period of political history, and in the composition of the Ministry itself and of the unwieldy and heterogeneous majority upon which it relies. Will you allow me to venture on a piece of what, as an Irishman, I may call future history?

The troubles of the new Ministry only began with the meeting of Parliament. The new House was eager for extensive changes, and the Government, confused by conflicting demands and divided against itself, introduced large and ill-considered Bills. Ireland, besides, blocked the way to English legislation. The Home Rule agitation, it is true, was dropped for the time, but more formidable was the war against the owners of grazing lands in the West, supported by organised intimidation and outrage, and ultimately by a "national strike" against the payment of the purchase instalments. After a disastrous attempt to collect what was represented as an oppressive tax on the only industry of the people the Government weakly gave way and introduced a Composition Bill which only encouraged further resistance, paralysed the working of the Land Purchase Act and absolutely upset the Irish local finances.

In the House of Commons the proposed new procedure regulations led to hopeless entanglement and to a revival of obstruction on a scale unknown since the early 'eighties, the Irish members being now furiously alienated and Mr. Bryce



quite helpless to keep them in check. Attempts to deal with the Welsh Church question and with the educational deadlock, demanded by the Welsh Radicals, only made confusion worse confounded. The Labour party also became mutinous and attempted to force the hand of the Government by Bills to repeal the Taff Vale decision and to abolish "Chinese Slavery" on the Rand. These complications were not improved by dissensions in the Cabinet, by the resignation of Mr. Bryce "for reasons of health", and by the threatened resignations of Mr. Burns and Mr. Lloyd-George on the one hand and of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey on the other. Mr. Asquith had trouble with his budget being embarrassed by the Irish land complications and by the demands of the Socialists, who indeed defeated him on a snap vote in favour of the immediate taxation of land values and of a progressive income and property tax. Ultimately the budget was only saved by the votes of the Opposition and the Government managed with difficulty to close the session without absolute disaster but with no part of their ambitious programme fulfilled, and with dissatisfaction and grumbling amongst every section of their followers.

The session of 1907 found the Campbell-Bannerman ministry tottering. There had been a bad winter with strikes and unemployed riots and Mr. Burns after making impossible demands had ended by resigning because the ministry was not sufficiently Radical. Next came the resignations of Mr. Asquith and the more moderate section because of the advanced proposals forced on the Government by Mr. Lloyd-George and his party. The meddlesomeness and blundering indiscretion of Mr. Winston Churchill had brought the South African colonies to the verge of revolt whilst the new Chief Secretary of Ireland could find no way out of the perplexities in which he was involved. In July Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman declared his administration at an end.

Now, sir, this is not all mere fantasy as might appear. I remembered something of the troubles of the great Whig Government after the first Reform Bill and, to refresh my memory, I took down the first book which met my eye. If anyone will look at Mr. H. D. Traill's excellent work on Social England and will read the opening paragraphs of vol. vi. ch. xxii. he will see how little I had to alter in transferring the troubles and the fall of Earl Grey to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues. The Whigs came in in 1833 with an overwhelming majority, almost as great as the present Whig-Radical-Nationalist-Socialist combination, yet Earl Grey fell in 1834 and four ministries succeeded one another in less than two years. Chartism in England and conspiracy and lawlessness in Ireland destroyed the ministry in a year, and eventually wrecked the party. Is it not possible that history will repeat itself?

Yours, &amp;c.

HIBERNICUS.

#### TRUTH AND THE ELECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Epping Forest.

SIR,—Your remarks on the falsehoods told by the Radicals in the present election reminds one that Disraeli wrote "Truth is the sovereign passion of mankind". The currency is evidently sadly debased among the Radicals, though the passion remains.

Yours truly,

OBSERVER.

#### THE EASTBOURNE ELECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eastbourne, 25 January, 1906.

SIR,—I must protest against your maligning a most loyal and patriotic class in this town as you do in your last issue—I mean the pensioner class. I am certain that most of them are Conservatives, and that in this election they continued their support of the Conservative candidate. They are not led by such sordid motives as you imply. Some of them are very ardent tariff reformers and are the leaders of the movement in favour of it here.

The election was lost by the large increase in the number of working-class voters who are not employed in manufactures, are therefore callous on the subject of tariff reform and are easily influenced by the cry of the small loaf. There has been considerable excitement against the Education Act. That and Ritualism in the Church lost us many votes. There is also the natural swing of the pendulum, and Eastbourne before

1885 was always Whig following the lead of the Duke of Devonshire.

The Conservative candidate polled 430 votes more than he did in 1900.

Yours faithfully,

PENSIONER.

#### RETALIATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Longton, Staffs., 8 January, 1906.

SIR,—In your issue of the SATURDAY, 6 January, 1906, your correspondent under the above heading states that "The foreigner by means of a heavy protective import duty gets an artificially high price for his commodities in his own market".

If the above statement were correct the "anti-tariff reformer" has a good argument against changing our present fiscal system, for he would at once say we in England will have to pay artificial prices for our English manufactures. Now, Sir, I do not find this to be the case in Germany, which country is our greatest and most successful competitor because I can purchase their manufactured goods in Hamburg, Berlin, Leipsic, or Dresden, as cheaply or more cheaply than they can be obtained in either London or Edinburgh. But what I do learn is that the Germans are busy and we are not.

Does not the explanation of the matter lie in this? That Germany by a protective tariff wall very wisely secures the bulk of the trade of her own country, to the partial exclusion of other nations. That the German manufacturers by their local competition keep prices down in their own country and also that their factories by working all the year round are enabled to make profits, whereas by intermittent working at the same prices they would make a loss.

I venture to say that a protective tariff for these islands instead of enhancing the prices of English manufactured goods would have the tendency to cheapen them (if for no other reason than our local competition), for is it not a well-known fact that the manufacturer who is busy for twelve months in the year, can successfully undersell the manufacturer who is busy for only eight months in the year?

Faithfully yours,

ARTHUR WOOLLEY.

#### PLOVER IN CAITHNESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Edinburgh, 20 January, 1906.

SIR,—All lovers of nature must read with pleasure Mr. Edmund Selous' very interesting articles on bird life, but however perfect the word-painting may be, it does not always enable the uninitiated reader to comprehend fully the shape and character of the bird he so racily describes. If Mr. Selous could be induced to exercise his artistic skill in adding to his articles a small sketch figure of his subject, it would I feel certain be greatly appreciated by many of your readers.

The county of Caithness owing to the passage of the Gulf Stream along its northern seaboard is par excellence the home of the snipe and plover families. The curlew and large numbers of common snipe remain in the county throughout the winter, finding ample food on the sandy flats bounding the Pentland Firth, and in summer taking to the inland marshes which form their favourite breeding ground. During periods of prolonged drought, not uncommon in that county, the snipe are sometimes forced to look for food on the margins of small grassy lochs; on these occasions a flock, in sporting phraseology called a "wisp", of forty or more snipe may be flushed from one small pool.

Every variety of Scotch plover, from the curlew to the pretty little bird no larger than a sand lark, called locally plover pagie, can be found in some part of Caithness, the only exception being the wimbrel, which I have never seen further north than the island of Tiree. The wimbrel closely resembles the curlew, but is much smaller and less shy. If Mr. Selous is acquainted with this bird, a description of it and its quaint habits from his pen could not fail to be extremely interesting to your readers.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. GORDON.

## ALIEN IMMIGRATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 January.

SIR,—Mr. H. G. Hills has misunderstood my letter. I never said anything so absurd as that the number of aliens annually settling in Great Britain is only 300. The number of those annually entering by Ostend, however, is about 300: at least, I have good authority for saying so. There can be no doubt, also, that most of the least desirable of these could afford to travel second class. To exclude that small portion of the 300 who are hopelessly destitute, diseased, or helpless, it is necessary to take precautions which involve the discontinuance of some 25,000 excursion bookings. Is the advantage worth the cost?

It may also be noted that the regulations under the Act involve considerable inconvenience to the through emigrant traffic from the Continent to Canada via Grimsby and Liverpool, and therefore tend to encourage foreign, as against British, shipping.

Mr. Hills' very interesting figures suggest another question. What proportion of the normal annual increase of the foreign population of Great Britain is likely to be kept out by the Act?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
J. S. MANN.

## THE ANGLO-FRENCH ENTENTE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Devizes, 25 January, 1906.

SIR,—At a moment when it seemed possible that the Anglo-French entente might suddenly assume definite shape, a correspondent in Paris sent me an extract from an article by Ste.-Beuve on the French poet Ronsard, which I put by thinking it might be deemed worth reproduction in the SATURDAY REVIEW. Ronsard wrote apropos of an entente reached in the days of Elizabeth. Ste.-Beuve reproduced his verses at the time England and France were allied in the Crimea. My correspondent thought both verses and comment applicable to recent malentendus in Morocco. But Ronsard's stately and withal graceful lines are applicable at all times, and afford in any case a refreshing contrast to the jangle of fads and falsehoods with which we have been harassed during the last few weeks.

Ronsard publia en 1565 un Recueil intitulé: "Elégies, Mascarades et Bergerie" . . . J'y trouve, en tête, sous le titre d'Elégie, un discours en vers à la reine d'Angleterre Elisabeth, nouvellement en paix avec la France. Le poète y introduit le dieu Protée, par la bouche duquel il fait dire à la noble reine toutes sortes de belles et flatteuses choses, et même des prophéties très sensées, par exemple:

N'offensez point par arme ni par noise,  
Si m'en croyez, la province françoise;  
Car, bien qu'il fût destiné par les Cieux  
Qu'un temps seriez d'elle victorieux,  
Le même Ciel pour elle a voulu faire  
Autre destin, au vôtre tout contraire.

Le François semble au saule verdissant:  
Plus on le coupe, et plus il est naissant,  
Et rejette en branches davantage,  
Prenant vigueur de son propre dommage.  
Pour ce, vivez comme aimables sœurs.

Quand vous serez ensemble bien unies,  
L'Amour, la Foi, deux belles compagnies,  
Viendront ça bas le cœur nous échauffer:  
Puis, sans harnois, sans armes et sans fer,  
Et sans le dos d'un corselet vous ceindre,  
Ferez vos noms par toute l'Europe craindre,  
Et l'âge d'or verra de toutes parts  
Fleurir les Lys entre les Léopards.

It was pleasant to note my correspondent's assurance that only those who had watched the process could appreciate the extent to which the spirit of the new entente was working into French minds.

Yours faithfully,  
R. S. GUNDRY.

## REVIEWS.

## THE COMPLETE WALPOLE.

"The Letters of Horace Walpole." Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Vols. XII.-XVI. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1905. 6s. net each.

THE Clarendon Press Horace Walpole is now complete. The final instalment of four volumes, three of correspondence one of indices, duly made its appearance in accordance with the promise of the original prospectus before 1905 had ended, and the delegates deserve to be congratulated on their determination to fulfil to the letter the obligation to their subscribers they had imposed on themselves. That this has not been an easy matter and has involved some sacrifice we are warned; meanwhile it is pleasant to record the accomplishment of a remarkable undertaking. Nor has Walpole failed in his part. Apart from the sixteenth and concluding volume, containing the indices which require separate consideration, these three volumes of letters are fully as interesting, in some respects indeed almost more interesting, than any of those which preceded them. They contain, to begin with, we note, a higher percentage of letters which are not in Cunningham, and which have never been previously published, than any of the sets that preceded. No fewer than two hundred and thirty-four of Mrs. Toynbee's arrangement are marked by the significant blank of "N N in C.", and of these sixty-one are now printed for the first time, in each case these figures representing no less than sixty per cent. of the contribution promised by the editor in her first volume as her additions to the 1891 issue of Cunningham's edition. This high percentage is almost wholly due to the Berry Letters which begin in Vol. XIV. and bulk so largely in it and in Vol. XV., and for these we have to thank not merely Mrs. Toynbee's vigilance and industry but Sir Thomas Lister, who lent the originals for collation and reproduction. The other supplements are mainly to be found in the appendix to Vol. XV. and are what traffic managers call "sweepings", intrinsically not very important, mere notes for the most part, but valuable simply because they come from Walpole's pen. The best are those to George Selwyn, Lady Mary Coke and George Hardinge. Despite Walpole's persistent assertions that his "life was now drawn to the dregs", that he was a gouty skeleton qualified only to be, as he claimed, uncle to all the world, that he had long ceased to be more than a spectator of a foolish and aggravating society, that politics were a bane, literature a closed book and gossip idle, malicious and inaccurate babble, his pen right up to the end shows no real trace of senility unless the "larmoyant" quality of some of the Berry Letters is reckoned as such. And he remains as keen as in his earliest records to learn and to judge what is being said, thought and done in that enchanted compound of privilege, frivolity, fashion and great affairs which to him spelled and would always spell the stage the actors and the auditorium in one. True, of course, an aged and professed cynic "the Methusalem of his family" can no longer gad about as in the days when good Sir Robert (we hear much of good Sir Robert in these volumes) made England prosperous and happy, or when Chatham was slowly climbing from the cloudy horizon to his meridian, but Strawberry has no longer to go to the world. It is the world that goes to Strawberry, grumble as its owner will at the invasion by princes and patrician ladies of the curiosity palace that his chalky fingers have pieced together. And Horace can still make new correspondents of quite another type, witness Mistress Hannah More, "a good old Papist", "Hannah Bonner", "St. Hannah" whom he alternately chides and chaffs, the prim precisian who is not above being his window into "wickedness" while she keeps him in touch with the Bas Bleus, with "Ashtaroah", "the learned Aspasia" Mrs. Montagu and the circles that chattered "learned nonsense" under the patronage of a gang of Sir Willoughby Patternes, each and all provided with a leg, draped with priggish coyness in the bluest of blues. Wesley



and Methodism at the beginning, St. Hannah and "The Estimate of Religion of the Fashionable World" to close the scene, and in the background the roaring hell-porch of an Hôtel de Ville, and Napoleon already the victor of Lodi and Arcola—yes, our incorrigible Whig has paddled in many burns and the broad seas have roared indeed since he registered the lobbies over the Chippenham election petition and scribbled so many naughty passages for Mrs. Toynbee to delete in her first two volumes. 15 January, 1797, is the date of the last letter, addressed as it should be to the Countess of Upper Ossory who remains with him to draw his dictated fire to the last. Dear faithful, vivacious and charming lady, what do we not owe to her constancy! only a fortnight before the son of Strawberry had been discussing "big politics" with "a pulse that beats the tattoo as regularly and strongly as a young soldier" and hoping "to last a little longer—if to see France humbled, I shall be glad"—but mark the date, just one month before the memorable action off Cape S. Vincent. Walpole, we recall, as far back as 1781 had mourned the death of Sir Edward Hawke, with the lament that he "does not seem to have bequeathed his mantle to anybody", little guessing then or even now that the guns of the "Captain" were to proclaim that the mantle was hardly more than a neckerchief for a little insignificant-looking and badly dressed cousin of his own by whom the humbling of France was to be incomparably carried out. And with his last breath Walpole waiting to commit his dust to the parish parson passes from us with the true creed unflinching on his lips. France the enemy, as in the past so now and always—the creed of William III., of Godolphin and Marlborough and of Chatham—and with it also "the fear of scandalous peaces like those of Utrecht and Paris". (What would he have thought of 1815?) For he has the best of all reasons now for fearing and hating the ancient foe. She has destroyed the ancien régime. That from 1789 Walpole should side passionately with Burke and not with Fox is a foregone conclusion. You shall read in letter after letter through his bitter denunciations all the essentials of the unadulterated Whig faith, and behind his horror and his disillusionment lies all the stronger because unexpressed the cruel conviction that it is not merely monarchy and aristocracy and a church that have perished in the welter (for what are these things to a man who has hung in his bedroom the death-warrant of Charles I.?) but the social order, the manners and with them the morals, the conventions and principles, the motives and rewards of conduct, the delicately poised equilibrium of forces, checks and balances without which no political constitution can exist, no world can be beautiful, sane, or worth living in. Equality, Liberty, Fraternity—pernicious nonsense, monstrous shibboleths merely cloaking anarchy and the grimy insolence of the sweaty mob. Yes indeed it is time for a belated philosopher who had danced with the Gunnings and remembered the Marquise de Pompadour as Boucher saw her and whom the accident of an accident has made Lord Orford to turn his face to his Gothic wall and have the curtain rung down on this bloodstained farce. And Fortune that had rocked him in the cradle of Arlington Street eighty years ago on 2 March 1797 let the curtain fall. The eighteenth century has ended.

Most readers will share certainly Mrs. Toynbee's regret that circumstances explained in her note have prevented her from being responsible for the concluding volume of indices. Into the details of the question as briefly presented by editor and publishers it is not desirable, even if it were possible, to enter at length. Briefly, the issue seems to lie between alternatives, each of which involved a technical breach with the original prospectus. Mrs. Toynbee found herself unable to complete the indices promised in her preface in time for the volume to appear on the date stated for the completion of the work. The delegates on the other hand had announced that the indices would be prepared by the editor, who had spent several years in critical work on the text and complicated contents of the letters. The value of such a volume to a literary and historical classic, drawn up by one presumably better acquainted with the subject-matter of Horace Walpole's correspondence than any

living scholar, needs no emphasis, and this feature of the edition has been eagerly awaited by all students of eighteenth-century social, political, and literary history. The delegates then, having to choose between postponing the issue of the index "for a few months" or failing to complete publication by the date announced, regarded the date as "of paramount importance", and with the help of the material already compiled by Mrs. Toynbee and the assistance of Mr. Andrew Clark, Mr. Greentree, Mr. Berry, and Mr. C. F. Bell, brought out the volume as already noted up to time. What the elements of this "paramount importance" were is not specifically stated, though presumably the requirements of the book market in London and New York, and the desire to keep faith with needlessly impatient subscribers may be safely inferred as cogent reasons. We must sincerely regret their decision. Indices compiled even by the very competent assistants called in at the eleventh hour cannot produce the same accurate minuteness as that which undoubtedly Mrs. Toynbee would have given her readers. How many errors, and worse how many omissions, this change of plan has involved can only be accurately gauged when the 370 pages of double columns have been adequately tested by a year or two's use. Certainly a comparison of the Index of Persons as far as Vol. VIII. which Mrs. Toynbee handed over to the Clarendon Press with that of the subsequent volumes does not diminish our regret that the same hand had not finished it. Nor is it easy to understand why "the compression of the three Indexes (Persons, Places, Subjects) within the limits of the volume" should have also required that volume to be about eighty pages shorter than the average length of the other fifteen. Eighty pages of double columns can both exclude and include much valuable matter, and provide or withhold the help that is a priceless boon to students. They might for example have given us in the Subject Index references to Black Friday and Black Wednesday, two famous eighteenth-century days on both of which the Letters but not the Index have a good deal to say, and they might have enabled the perplexed to grasp why three famous dogs, Patapan, Rosette, and Tom-Tom, are placed under "Persons", with a reference only to the page of the index in which Walpole himself is placed, but without any cross-reference showing that under "Dogs" some more precise indications can be got from the Subject Index, as well as a good many other things. Nor are such items trifles. No one who has worked critically with the Index to Pepys but is grateful for its wonderful fulness and accuracy. The best that a definitive edition of Horace Walpole can do even for the dram-drinker in literature would have been to crown its completeness with a series of indices beyond the cavil of even the most peevish and exacting of scholars; and we cannot but think that the most peevish of subscribers would have foregone his sixteenth volume for a few months to know that the delay would really, as the prospectus claims, result in "delighting the student of the history, the literature, and the art of the eighteenth century." A last word. We hope a copy of this edition has been bought by the owners of Holland House, and that it has inspired Lord Ilchester with genuine regret at his refusal to permit the unpublished originals of letters in his possession to be included in an edition, to the finality of which Lord Waldegrave and many others have so generously contributed. Perhaps, however, when the fifty years that it took to issue the second part of Lord Holland's Memorials of the Whig Party have run their course, our grandchildren will be permitted to dovetail this batch of known letters into their proper places.

#### A CENTENARY PITT.

"William Pitt." By Charles Whibley. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1906. 6s. net.

WE are not fond of books written to order for a special event, such as a jubilee or a centenary. Such compilations, like birthday odes, wear a perfunctory air, and are generally commercial speculations by the publisher. Mr. Whibley's Pitt, which is a republication of articles in "Blackwood", is no exception to

the rule. It adds nothing to our knowledge of Pitt; and it will add, we fear, nothing to the reputation of Mr. Charles Whibley as a man of letters. The truth is that Lord Macaulay and Lord Rosebery have, from opposite points of view, exhausted Chatham's son as a political and literary subject. Mr. Whibley is too sagacious not to know this; and we are thankful that he has not allowed himself to be drawn into paradox in the desperate attempt to say something new. There is, however, a brilliant mean between paradox and convention which is not hit in this book. The younger Pitt's career was not due to his talents, extraordinary as they were, but to the circumstances of his time. It would for instance be absolutely impossible in these days, with all our superstition about youth, to entrust a raw undergraduate of twenty-three with the handling of a Budget of £140,000,000. When Pitt first appeared as Chancellor of the Exchequer the Budget was an affair of eight or nine millions. No other Sovereign but George III. would have dared to make a boy of twenty-four Prime Minister. But George III. was fighting for his life against the Whig families, and he clutched Pitt as he would have clutched a broomstick to brain Burke and Fox. That Pitt turned out a master instead of a tool was the last thing George expected or desired. Pitt's greatness did not consist in his administrative or financial measures, which were commonplace enough and in which he made blunder after blunder. Still less did it lie in his management of foreign affairs, of which he was appallingly ignorant, and knew it—as Burke's correspondence shows—and in which he exposed England to needless humiliation. Pitt's greatness consisted in his perception that neither the Court nor the aristocracy were the real source of power but the people: and in the unquenchable resolution with which, when he saw that it was no longer avoidable, he carried on the life-and-death struggle with Napoleon. His parliamentary courage, based upon confidence in himself, is the index of his real genius. The impeachment of Warren Hastings was an almost inexplicable mistake of the same kind as the Parnell Commission in our own days, although, unlike the latter trial, it did add to our literature. We agree with Mr. Whibley that Pitt was fully justified in the measures taken for the repression of the spirit of Jacobinism, and we think—though Mr. Whibley does not allude to it—that he showed great magnanimity in the provision which he induced the King to make for Burke's last years. Talking of Jacobinism and the war, we wonder what would happen to a statesman in these times who should hold the language that Fox held towards the French and their Revolution! He would certainly be lynched in the streets, for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's "methods of barbarism" were as water to wine, compared with Fox's outrageous speeches in favour of the French. It is very difficult to understand the admiration and affection which Fox inspired except upon the assumption that nobody believed him to mean what he said. Pitt's unpopularity, on the other hand, is intelligible, for, except to one or two intimates, he was arrogant, inaccessible, and unsympathetic. Bentham tells an amusing story of his going out riding at Bowood with Pitt and Camden. Bentham could not ride and had been mounted, with the usual malice of grooms, upon a restive and pulling horse. He implored Pitt to ride slowly, but Pitt cantered on without a word, and the unhappy philosopher was obliged to follow as best he could. That was Pitt all over: he cared nothing for other people. As an orator he has suffered, like all his contemporaries except Burke, by the system of reporting; but we can see that if his power of expression was greater than his power of ideas, he was majestic and inspiring. The dignity, vigour and variety of his style are suited to the themes which it was his destiny to handle. Like Gladstone he was no maker of epigrams: but one memorable phrase, his last in public, has descended to us and sums up the greatness of his career: "England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, I trust, save Europe by her example".

## MAGIC AND KINGSHIP.

"Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship." By J. G. Frazer. London: Macmillan. 1905. 8s. 6d. net.

OF universal extent both as regards time and space is the belief in the sanctity of kings; not only have they been accounted in their capacity of head of the State as being above the civil law, but they have been regarded as even beyond the scope of the moral law, and the doctrine that the king can do no wrong has been believed and acted upon times without number. So widespread a belief must have a broad basis upon which to rest; thus it becomes a matter of no little interest to see upon what foundation this superstructure has been erected, and we welcome the study of this problem which Dr. Frazer has undertaken, for we feel confident that the unrivalled wealth of illustration he always offers in developing a theme will, in this instance also, go a long way towards providing a reasonable solution. It matters not that the immediate problem in hand was the combination of the regal with the sacred character in the priesthood of Diana at Nemi, for, with the leisurely sweep of a master's mind, Dr. Frazer looks all round the subject and affords enlightenment to those who may be interested in other aspects of the general subject.

Since the publication of Dr. Yrjö Hirn's brilliant work on the Origins of Art the distinction between the two main forms of magical actions has become more clear and Dr. Frazer has now defined his own position with more precision. Sympathetic Magic (Law of Sympathy) is acknowledged to consist of two branches for one of which Dr. Hirn's term of Homœopathic Magic (Law of Similarity) is adopted and the other Dr. Frazer calls Contagious Magic (Law of Contact). Of these numerous recently published examples are given; but the system of sympathetic magic is not merely composed of positive precepts, it comprises a very large number of negative precepts, that is prohibitions. The positive precepts are charms: the negative precepts are taboos. Sorcery says, "Act", Taboo says, "Abstain". Thus Magic is divided by Dr. Frazer into Theoretical (Magic as a pseudo-science) and Practical (Magic as a pseudo-art), the latter being again subdivided into Positive Magic or Sorcery and Negative Magic or Taboo.

Not only is magic employed for individual purposes, which may be called private magic, but in savage society there is commonly to be found in addition what we may call public magic, that is, sorcery practised for the benefit of the whole community. Whenever ceremonies of this sort are observed for the common good, it is obvious that the magician ceases to be merely a private practitioner and becomes to some extent a public functionary. The development of such a class of functionaries is of great importance for the political as well as the religious evolution of society. For when the welfare of the tribe is supposed to depend on the performance of these magical rites, the magician becomes a personage of much influence and repute and may readily acquire the rank and authority of a chief or king.

One of the chief things which the public magician sets himself to do for the good of his tribe is to control the weather, and especially to ensure an adequate fall of rain. In Australia this function, as well as the increase of certain plants and animals, is performed by the headmen to the respective totem groups. The political constitution of the Australians is a democracy, or rather an oligarchy of old and influential men—a "gerontocracy" as Dr. Frazer terms it; but even here there is a distinct indication that, in some places, the magicians or medicine-men are in the act of developing into chiefs. In New Guinea chieftainship is emerging, and it is on record that several chiefs were also adept in certain forms of magic. The undoubted chiefs in many of the Melanesian islands owed their authority to the belief that their supernatural power was derived from the spirits or ghosts with which they had intercourse. But it is in Africa that the power of the chieftainship and the kingship is fully developed and where the evidence for the evolution of the king out of



the magician, and especially out of the rain-maker, is comparatively plentiful. The belief that kings and chiefs possess either supernatural powers or wonder-working talismans has left not a few traces of itself in Europe and even in our own country. One example must suffice; in his childhood Dr. Johnson was touched for scrofula (the king's evil) by Queen Anne. Dr. Frazer draws his illustrations for this evolution from the Old World, but it does not appear that in the Americas a similar development has taken place; nor, indeed, is it proved to be of universal occurrence in the Old World.

On the whole we seem to be justified in concluding that in certain parts of the world the king is the lineal successor of the old magician or medicine-man. But the great social revolution which thus begins with democracy and ends in despotism is attended by an intellectual revolution which affects royalty itself, and the king tends gradually to exchange the practice of magic for the priestly functions of prayer and sacrifice in proportion as magic is slowly ousted by religion. And while the distinction between the human and divine is still imperfectly drawn, it is often imagined that men may themselves attain to godhead, not merely after their death, but in their lifetime, through the temporary or permanent possession of their whole nature by a great and powerful spirit. No class of the community, writes Dr. Frazer, has benefited so much as kings by this belief in the possible incarnation of a god in human form. Still later, a partition is effected between the civil and religious aspect of the kingship, the temporal power being committed to one man and the spiritual to another.

In the final portion of the book Dr. Frazer utilises these data and conclusions to discuss anew the probable nature of the kingship of the woods at Nemi, and in his Preface he modestly and generously says of Mr. A. B. Cook, of Queens' College, Cambridge, "If I have been able to present my theory of the Arician kingship in a more probable, or at least a more precise, form than before, I owe the improvement chiefly to the stimulating influence of his criticisms. Moreover in working out my revised theory I have profited greatly by his learning and acumen, which he has generously placed at my disposal". It is with this pleasant exhibition of camaraderie in scholarship that we leave this interesting and suggestive work.

#### THE EAGLET.

**"The Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon the Second): a Biography."** Compiled from new sources of information by Edward de Wertheimer. London: Lane. 1905. 21s. net.

THE Duke of Reichstadt must always remain a fascinating figure in history, a riddle of which we search to find the key. What manner of man was he? what would he have become? why did he die? are all questions which perplex the historian. To these Mr. Wertheimer has given the best answer possible. We learn at least, that he was not killed by poison, or by worse torture, as has been insinuated, and that he was a bright clever lad, with much enthusiasm and a strong character, if he never could have rivalled the reputation of his father or even of his uncles. What adds to the vividness and the picturesqueness of the portrait is the lurid background against which it stands. The weak selfishness of Marie Louise, the satanic ingenuity of Metternich, the heartless stupidity of the Emperor Francis are a combination strong enough to ruin any life which they set themselves to destroy. Napoleon said that he would rather see his son strangled than brought up as an Austrian Archduke at the Court of Vienna, and Mr. Wertheimer's narrative makes us fully realise the reasonableness of the choice.

The Eaglet was born at ten o'clock in the morning of 20 March, 1811, Napoleon having already shown that if both could not be saved he would rather save the mother than the child. The joy was universal, even Metternich drank to the King of Rome. On 9 June Napoleon Francis Joseph Charles was christened at Notre-Dame. The boy grew up as centre of a happy family till the fatal 28 March, 1814, when Marie Louise,

by the advice of Joseph, left the Tuileries for ever. The child, just three years old, showed every reluctance to depart, clutched at the walls as he descended the staircase, and struggled against entering the carriage. Three months later he entered Schönbrunn as Prince of Parma, and he never left Austria till his death. When his mother went on that fatal journey to Aix, the child remained behind at Vienna. Even before Napoleon left Elba, Metternich had given Castlereagh a secret pledge that the Eaglet should never reign at Parma or anywhere else, and even this would scarcely satisfy the demands of Louis XVIII.

When Napoleon was back at Paris, Metternich naturally feared the abduction of the son, and he was removed to the Hofburg. Madame de Montesquiou was sent away to the passionate mistress of the child. A description of him was despatched to the frontiers and police-stations in the following terms: "He is two feet in height, rather thick-set, has a very smooth, beautiful, pink and white complexion, full cheeks, blue eyes, rather deep-set, a small mouth with somewhat pouting lips, in the middle of which there is a little cleft, large and very white teeth, long flaxen hair, parted on the forehead and falling round his face and shoulders in thick curls. The Prince usually speaks French, but also some German. He talks in a lively manner and gesticulates with his hands. His behaviour is very vivacious". After Waterloo Napoleon abdicated in favour of his son, who then became Napoleon II., but Marie Louise was delighted to hear that her husband was safe in S. Helena, and would disturb her no more. France would perhaps have received the child Emperor with enthusiasm, but Metternich, though tempted, feared to take the step. In violation of treaties Marie Louise was informed that she must go to Parma alone or not at all, and she was weak enough to consent. Wellington is responsible for striking the Prince of Parma out of the list of sovereigns. He was presented with estates in Bohemia, and styled His Serene Highness the Duke of Reichstadt, "a title which would not endanger the present order of things in Europe". The German tutor to whom he was entrusted set himself to obliterate all the child's impressions of his former existence, but he was allowed, as a magnanimous action, to insert his father's name in his prayers, night and morning. Any recognition of the captive Napoleon was carefully avoided, the boy was taught to consider the Emperor Francis as his sole support in the world, all books stamped with the imperial eagle were put away, yet the boy was occupied every day with the thought of his father. Once, at the age of five, he heard that a king was reigning in France. "But I know that an emperor once reigned there", he said. "Is my dear father a criminal since he did so much mischief?" "Why was I called the King of Rome; did Rome belong to my father?" "My father is in India I think, or perhaps in America. He must have been a famous general, since they made him a king. Why is he no longer Emperor?" By the answers given to these and other questions he was driven back into himself, and taught to feel that he had not a friend.

At the age of ten he had to be informed of his father's death, and he wept long and bitterly. Marie Louise did not hear of it till long afterwards. When it became necessary to teach the lad history, all mention of his father was put off till he was seventeen, and he was then represented to him as a victim of the unbridled lust of conquest. He grew very rapidly. The chubby boy developed a tall and thin body, a contracted chest, with weak legs and arms. At sixteen he fainted at the imperial table. He was not allowed to dance or fence. He was, probably, too much coddled, and he might have been better for a little wholesome neglect. He was forbidden to ride—an exercise of which he was passionately fond. It was difficult to make him take care of himself. In August, 1830, he suffered from a feverish catarrh, and a great loss of energy was observed towards the close of 1831. He took no interest in work, attacks of fever set in, he became weary in body and in mind, and ceased to go into society. Just when he reached the age of twenty-one he caught a serious chill, and by July he knew that he could not live. He said, "I desire death, only death".

His last words were: "I am sinking, I am sinking. Call my mother, call my mother." Thus perished the Eaglet. He was murdered by no poison, his strength was corrupted by no vice, but the wilful stifling of his mind reacted upon the body. He perished by the slow strangulation of his individuality in the Austrian Court—more painful and quite as sure as that sudden strangling which his father had desired for him rather than that he should be brought up as an Austrian Archduke.

#### THE TRUE VIEW OF THE COLONIES.

"The Old Colonial System." By Gerald Berkeley Hertz. Manchester: At the University Press. 1905.

IN ordinary circumstances we should not expect from Manchester sympathetic treatment of colonial questions, especially of mercantilist ideals, but Mr. Hertz has striven, with no small success, to understand the position of the advocates of the old colonial system, which most Whig and even many Tory writers studiously misrepresent or misunderstand. Mr. Asquith gave an unfair version of it this very week in *Fifeshire*. Our forefathers were not altogether lacking in wisdom, as is so often assumed, and they certainly refused to trust to the chapter of accidents which has been our colonial policy since their time.

In the twentieth century we have come to realise, though tardily, that a real colonial policy is necessary; and by the very recognition have condemned "Manchesterism". No one dares propose that the colonies should be abandoned, but some statesmen dare to propose that we should make sacrifices to retain them and look for recompense in sacrifices they will make for us. At first the proposition that our colonies were valuable markets and likely to grow more valuable provoked the taunt that Canada and Australia had not forgotten the Stamp Act, and would quickly follow the example of the United States if their cherished fiscal independence were tampered with. It is remarkable however that no such threats came from the colonies concerned. The only question has been and still is the terms upon which the Empire can be reconstituted as an economic if not a political federation. English and Canadian statesmen are quite alive to the pitfalls in their path but the object is so praiseworthy and the reward of success will be so splendid that all the statesmanship of the empire is being devoted openly or secretly to the surmounting of difficulties. No one proposes to re-enact the old colonial system in its entirety, but we can and must imitate it in its view of the mutual interdependence of colonies and mother-country.

The fault of the old colonial statesmen was their intense patriotism which exaggerated the needs of this island to the hurt of the colonists, while in their pride as leaders of the most important English-speaking group they piled upon the home Government burdens beyond its strength. An appeal to the English across the water for help might not have produced at once a sufficient lightening of the load, but it would have led the Americans to feel that they were looked upon as Englishmen and not merely as a burden of semi-civilised farmers. Nothing strikes one more forcibly in the colonial literature of the eighteenth century than the unsympathetic attitude of English statesmen not merely towards the Nonconformist of New England but even towards the Anglicans of Virginia.

English statesmen in George III.'s reign were not acting apart from the nation and to please a stubborn king. Every Englishman with few exceptions approved of their policy towards the Americans. The exceptions were disappointed Whigs who, like their descendants, favoured any country but their own, and Chatham whose ability alone had rendered the Empire worthy of retention, before premature decay had turned the brilliant organiser of victory into a querulous old man. Occasionally voices were heard, at least before 1776, in favour of America's representation at Westminster or of vague schemes of political reorganisation, but no one believed that there was any half-way house possible between absolute independence and the old colonial system. It is not to be supposed that all Americans desired independence; many of them were quite willing

to accept the limitations of American trade if the laws were passed by the local legislatures. Political adventurers, however, like Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry did their best to force the issue by wild talk of American slavery unless the King's Government yielded every point in dispute, and the intervention of France by promising it greater success won many fresh adherents to the cause of separation.

By 1783 it was finally realised both in England and America that the colonists must have their way, and become a new and independent nation, since there was no room in the British Empire for a colony which did not accept unreservedly the full supremacy of the British Parliament in the regulation of trade. At a much later date, in 1838, we find the Radical Lord Durham advising that the Imperial Government should retain their control over Canada's trade, although advocating in other respects a most complete scheme of Home Rule. When *laissez-faire* finally triumphed in 1849, men ceased to believe in the value of colonies, so completely was that value bound up with restrictive legislation. In the twentieth century the wheel is circling round again, and men are asking whether the solutions of 1783 and 1849 are the only possible ones. A study of the old colonial system assures us that they are not. The centre of the new Colonial Empire is the monarchy, not the Parliament at Westminster. Bit by bit, sometimes half-contemptuously, the colonial legislatures have been granted rights which render them practically free from control by Parliament. We have now a collection of nations with similar political institutions and generally with the same language. All are proud to be ruled over by the same King, and realise their mutual interdependence. The problem now before us is the supplementing of the defects of one province by the affluence of another. Is it too much to ask for temporary sacrifices, not wholly monetary? We in these islands must frankly realise that the old idea of a colony is out of date, and also that Alberta and Queensland are as much a part of Britain as Yorkshire or Devon.

#### NOVELS.

"The Red Reaper." By John A. Steuart. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1905. 6s.

The "Legend of Montrose" ranks high among the *Waverley* Novels, but many have regretted that Sir Walter never found time to make the great Marquis the central figure in a novel. We would not part with

(Continued on page 116.)

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Dugald Dalgetty; but the cause which claimed the very mercenary sword of that worthy has never taken its true place in romance. The Jacobites of the 'Fifteen and the 'Forty-five are familiar figures, but Montrose, greater than they, lives only in one of Aytoun's "Lays" and is entombed in historical works. Mr. Steuart has seen his opportunity, but has chosen to write an historical sketch under the guise of a novel. There is no plot in "The Red Reaper" except the authentic story of Montrose's amazing campaign. This indeed is stirring enough for any lover of romance: the man who with a handful of bickering Highland clans, a few Lowland gentlemen (not given their due by Mr. Steuart), and Colkitt's band of Irishmen, swept Scotland, made the fanatics of the Solemn League and Covenant tremble, and would have kept his country for the King had only Rupert been able to join hands with him, is worth a galaxy of Mousquetaires. But the novel-reader, we suppose, wants his leit motif, and will complain that there is no love-interest in this fine study. Except that the dialogues are imaginary, the book follows actual events. It is, indeed, a romance in the manner of Xenophon, and the modern world prefers to keep distinct the novels which it reads and the histories which it neglects. Mr. Steuart is, we admit, a partisan: in other words he realises that the Covenanters were fighting not for religious liberty but for the predominance of a sect, and that their godliness was marred by cruelties and treacheries which the inheritors of a winning cause do not care to recall. But since Presbyterian Scotland has now allowed in St. Giles' Cathedral a monument to the great soldier, knight-errant born out of due time, whom his own age committed to a cruel death in recompense of loyalty, courage, and chivalry, Mr. Steuart has some chance of a hearing. When we find a minister of religion dignifying as "the great Marquis" the Argyll who fled from Montrose in the field and gloated over his execution, it is time for those who regard historic truth to speak out. "The Red Reaper" goes with such a spirited swing that it will reward readers who care for the romance of war. But they who have at heart the causes for which the Cavaliers died will find in this book something more than the brisk narrative of a stirring campaign.

"A Lonely Fight." By Alice M. Diehl. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1905. 6s.

Charlotte Brontë would have handled with success the theme of this novel, which belongs to an old-fashioned pattern. We like it far better than the last work by Miss Diehl which came before us, but it makes small demands on critical notice. The daughter of an old scholar, left in lonely poverty, finds an unexpected home as companion to an eccentric old lady who hates the human species and lives only to pamper a pack of dogs. The old lady turns out to be her grandmother, but the heroine is the last person in the story to discover this fact. She is vainly loved by a young clergyman, for she loses her heart—with surprising speed—to a penniless handsome youth, relentlessly persecuted by the kennel-queen. The fact that he is an unknown cousin complicates matters, for the old lady has an intense feeling of dislike to her own descendants. The intrusion of a rather slangy girl who dashes about the country in a motor-car gives the impression of anachronism: the story ought to have lain in the early Victorian period. It is possible to follow the lovers' difficulties with mild interest, but the novel is in no way remarkable.

"A Daughter of Thor." By Helen Maxwell. London: Brown, Langham. 1905. 6s.

Life, as reflected in a good many women's novels, consists entirely of proposals and "conquests", there is scarcely anything else in "A Daughter of Thor". It is quite pleasantly written, and there is a well-bred air about the characters, but the pretentiously nicknamed heroine is nothing more than the ordinary insatiable flirting woman, whose fascination is not very clearly conveyed to the reader, and whose petty spitefulness of conduct is hardly atoned for by the act of foolhardiness which causes her death.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Story of a Devonshire House." By Lord Coleridge. London: Fisher Unwin. 1905. 15s. net.

The first Coleridge of note in the county of Devon was the Rev. John Coleridge who in 1760 was appointed Rector of Ottery S. Mary. Previously there were numerous Coleridges in various Devon parishes, and a weaver John Coleridge, of humble rank, was the father of the Reverend John and the grandfather of Samuel Taylor Coleridge the most renowned of the numerous Coleridges who have made the name distinguished. Lord Coleridge's great-grandfather was a brother of the poet, a captain in the army and a colonel of Volunteers, and in 1796 he bought the Chanters House at Ottery S. Mary which has been the headquarters of the Coleridges ever since. One of the Colonel's sons became Sir John Taylor Coleridge, a distinguished judge and the father of Lord Coleridge the Lord Chief Justice of our own day. Samuel Taylor Coleridge needed no biography and he only appears fitfully in these pages. The Lord Chief Justice has been just a little too much written about in the recent two volumes of his biography and there is no mention of him. Of his father no biography had been written, and Lord Coleridge has devoted almost a half of this book to him in an admirable memoir which is a pleasant record of the days of the early part of the last century. Many other Coleridges figure in these family records none of them of first-rate distinction but all of them personally interesting and disclosing a family history of "braininess" which is very striking. Lord Coleridge mentions that Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and his wife, Henry Nelson Coleridge and Sara Coleridge his wife, and their son Herbert all lie buried in the same grave at Highgate, and he adds, "I hope that without boasting a member of the family may say that it is a remarkable tomb".

"Underground Man." By Gabriel Tarde. Translated by Cloudeley Brereton. London: Duckworth. 1905.

As a story M. Tarde's sketch of the subterranean life and civilisation of the human race after it has been driven from the surface into the depths of the earth is not so interesting as some of its predecessors in this class of imaginative work. Its machinery is too remote from the possible for it to have the kind of attraction which the ingenious speculations of Mr. Wells, who writes an introduction, give to his books. M. Tarde's idea is more definitely philosophic. He imagines the human race freed from material necessities in order that it may develop the higher human faculties without disturbance. Civilisation consists not in material advancement but in the production and interchange of ideas; a more subtle study of Socialism therefore than we have had before. This is the essentially serious and valuable part of M. Tarde's fantasy which has plenty of ingenuity and fancy, humour, satire, and irony to correct the grotesqueness of the situation he creates for the men and women who have been placed in their impossible position by the extinction of the sun's light and heat, or to enliven the seriousness of the philosophic disquisition. Mr. Brereton's translation is excellently done, especially the more elevated passages in M. Tarde's later pages where the difficulties of French style appear to have made Mr. Brereton warm to his work.

"A Book for a Rainy Day." By John Thomas Smith. Edited by Wilfrid Whitten. London: Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

This is practically the first annotated edition of what was formerly a well-known and popular book of recollections of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Mr. Whitten has brought to bear an extensive knowledge of men and incidents of the period of 1766-1833 for the most part unknown to the public to-day. His notes are certainly useful and informed. Smith's reminiscences and stories scarcely touch on the politics of his time. They relate largely to literature and art. They also throw a good deal of light on the life and architecture of London. Smith knew and cared greatly for London. He is of the company, as Mr. Whitten says, "which began with John Stone and has not ended with Sir Walter Besant".

"The English Dialect-Grammar." By Joseph Wright. At the University Press. 1905. 10s. 6d. net.

This work of long and minute research deals with the dialects of England and those parts of Scotland where English is habitually spoken. It is impossible in a book of this scope to deal with the dialect of every English district: such a work would need probably the whole time for many years of hundreds of students; so that we cannot expect to find here all the provincialisms of particular districts. But this grammar is a fine piece of work absolutely conscientious and thorough. It is an admirable pendant to Ellis' "Early English Pronunciation".

Among the more notable reprints of English classics well and little known which have been produced lately are two tasteful volumes printed by the Early English Drama Society: "The Dramatic Writings of John Heywood", edited by John S. Farmer, and "Anonymous Plays", first series, with the same editor. Each volume is supplied with what the editor calls



"A Note Book and Word List", in other words a glossary which is done with care and thoroughness. These are agreeable books to handle.—The Cambridge University Press publish Ben Jonson's "Underwoods". It is beautifully printed on hand-made paper, and the edition is limited to two hundred and fifty copies. In this delightfully named collection of poems Jonson included some hymns of rare merit. His "Hymne to God the Father" beginning

"Heare mee, O God!  
A broken heart  
Is my best part  
Use still Thy rod"

is far too little known. It is one of the noblest devotional poems in the language. Why has it not been included in our modern collections of hymns?—"Richard Peeke of Tavistock" with an introduction by J. Brooking Rowe, is published by Messrs. Commin at Exeter. It is printed on rag paper and limited to a hundred copies. Mr. Rowe includes Peeke's "Dick of Devonshire" which has been reprinted once or twice within recent years; by for instance Mr. Bullen in his 1883 collection of "Old English Plays". Peeke has something of the spirit and dash of Drake and Hawkins about him, and his work is of more than county and local interest.—Messrs. Routledge have started their "Photogravure and Colour Series". The latest seven volumes, well printed and bound rather remarkably, are: "Poems by Matthew Arnold", "Comus", "Cupid and Psyche", "The Imitation of Christ", Blair's "Grave", Herrick's "Flower Poems", and the "Books of Ruth and Esther".

In "The Companionship of Ruth" (The Knickerbocker Press) Mr. F. R. Marvin brings together various contributions to magazines and journals. Some of these are light and agreeable, but we doubt whether they were worth republishing in book form. Mr. Marvin's "Chips from a Literary Workshop" include epigrams a few of which are good enough such as "Centres of power are silent". Over others one may yawn rather: for instance "Pleasure seekers are sorrow finders" or "An ounce of enterprise is worth a pound of privilege".—"The Burlesque Napoleon," by Philip W. Sergeant (Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d. net), is an account of the flashy Jerome Bonaparte in court and camp and at home. It is one of many books on members of the Bonaparte family published of late years which are chiefly read with interest for the sidelights that they may throw on Napoleon, and a good specimen of its class. Jerome is worth following to some extent apart from Napoleon for what Mr. Sergeant rightly calls the wonderful variety and interest of his career. If he was "so entirely light in character as he seemed to be it was with the lightness of a cork in a Niagara". He managed somehow always to be at the top in convulsions which overwhelmed so many men far greater and worthier than himself.

Mr. R. G. Webster has written and Messrs. Partridge brought out in the nick of time "Elections, Electors, and Elected" (price 1s.), a little book of election odds and ends past and present. It holds some of "R. G.'s" best stories, and was he not celebrated in the lobbies for his stories?

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Janvier. 3fr.

In this number begins a translation of Fogazzaro's romance "Il Santo" which has created so great an intellectual sensation in Italy. We regret that owing to a binder's error twenty-three pages are lacking and therefore we feel unable to criticise the opening chapters. M. Charmes deals with the prospects of the elections in France but wisely abstains from prophecy. He notes however one fact that everyone interested in the politics of France cannot fail to have observed and to which we have felt bound to call attention frequently in the SATURDAY REVIEW that the chances under the present régime of any man's obtaining high office in that country are gravely diminished by the possession of personal distinction. "Democratic and parliamentary government in the form we practise it is unfavourable to personalities a little superior to the crowd and favourable to the rest. Before the proof of it we should have believed the contrary but we must yield to evidence." M. Charmes then enters into a defence of French policy in Morocco but he quite fails to prove his points; in fact he bears out our contention that M. Delcassé did not treat Germany on confidential terms. This policy was quite justifiable if the country was prepared to back it; but if not France had to expect mortifications which she has received, nor has her enterprise been such as to justify confidence in the future.

For this Week's Books see page 118.

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- (4) To transact any other business which is brought under consideration by the report of the directors and for general business.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 1st March to the 8th March, 1906, both days inclusive.

**HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER** who wish to be present or represented at the Meeting, must deposit their Shares at one of the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Transfer Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Transfer Office of the Company, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, London, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 30 Rue Taibout, Paris, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Any Share Warrants deposited in terms of paragraphs (b) and (c) will be released on or after 12th February, 1906.

**NATIONAL DISCOUNT COMPANY, LIMITED.**

35 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

Subscribed Capital, **£4,233,325.**Paid-up Capital, **£846,665.**Reserve Fund, **£400,000.****NINETY-NINTH REPORT,**

Submitted to the Shareholders at the Ordinary Half-Yearly General Meeting, on Wednesday, the 24th January, 1906, at Cannon Street Hotel.

The Directors have to report that, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, the Gross Profits of the half-year ending 31st December last, as shown by the annexed statements, amount to £118,389 16s. 10d., which, with the balance of £129,474 14s. 7d., brought forward from the previous account, gives a total of £247,864 11s. 3d.

After providing for all charges, and reserving £64,170 12s. 7d. for Rebate of interest on bills not matured, there remains a net profit of £54,108 11s. for appropriation. It is proposed to apply £42,333 5s. to the payment of a Dividend at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum, free of Income-tax, leaving a balance of £11,775 6s. to be carried forward to next account.

**BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1905.**

Dr.	£	s.	d.
To Subscribed Capital—£4,233,325, viz., 169,333 shares of £25 each—			
Capital paid-up, viz.: £5 per share .. .. .	846,665	0	0
Reserve Fund .. .. .	400,000	0	0
Deposits and Sundry Balances .. .. .	10,355,847	9	8
Bills Re-discounted .. .. .	3,663,484	2	9
Rebate .. .. .	64,170	12	7
Amount at credit of Profit and Loss Account .. .. .	54,108	11	0
	£14,984,975	16	0
Cr.	£	s.	d.
By Cash at Bankers .. .. .	171,500	0	7
Securities—			
British and Indian Government and other Trustee Securities, including City of London Corporation Bonds .. .. .	1,506,835	18	9
Other Securities, including short dated Colonial Bonds .. .. .	374,551	3	5
	1,881,387	2	2
Loans at call, short and fixed dates .. .. .	2,369,045	17	1
Bills Discounted .. .. .	10,448,538	18	10
Sundry Balances, and Interest due on Investments and Loans .. .. .	58,303	17	4
Freehold Premises .. .. .	110,000	0	0
	£14,984,975	16	0

**PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT**

For the Half-year ending 31st December, 1905.

Dr.	£	s.	d.
To Current expenses, including Salaries, Stationery, Income-tax, and other charges .. .. .	8,935	7	10
Directors' and Auditors' Remuneration .. .. .	2,650	0	0
Rebate of Interest on Bills not due, carried to New Account Six Months' Dividend at the rate of Ten per Cent. per annum, free of Income-tax .. .. .	£42,333	5	0
Balance carried forward to next account .. .. .	11,775	6	0
	54,108	11	0
	£129,864	11	5
Cr.	£	s.	d.
By Balance brought forward from 30th June, 1905 .. .. .	11,474	14	7
Gross Profits during the half-year .. .. .	118,389	16	10
	£129,864	11	5

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with.

We have examined the Securities representing Investments of the Company, those held against Loans at call, short and fixed dates, and all Bills discounted in hand. We have also verified the Cash Balances, and verified the securities and Bills in the hands of Depositors. The foregoing Accounts agree with the Books, and we are of opinion that the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by the Books of the Company, except that it does not state the amount of Investments and Bills placed as security against Deposits.

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(Price, Waterhouse & Co.),  
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Auditors.

35 Cornhill, 8 January, 1906.

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# SEVENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LIMITED.

**SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL - - £15,900,000.**

**CAPITAL—Paid - - - £3,000,000**  
**Uncalled - - - 2,300,000**  
**Reserve Liability - - - 10,600,000**  
**£15,900,000**

**RESERVE FUND (invested in English Government Securities), £2,300,000.**

**NUMBER OF SHAREHOLDERS, 15,847.**

## DIRECTORS.

COLIN FREDERICK CAMPBELL, Esq.  
 MAURICE OTHO FITZGERALD, Esq.  
 WILLIAM HENRY NEVILLE GOSCHEN, Esq.  
 CLAUDE VILLIERS EMILIUS LAURIE, Esq.  
 FRANCIS CHARLES LE MARCHANT, Esq.  
 THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF LICHFIELD.

SIR JAMES LYLE MACKAY, G.C.M.G., K.C.I.E.  
 GEORGE FORBES MALCOLMSON, Esq.  
 WILLIAM ROBERT MOBERLY, Esq.  
 SELWYN ROBERT PRYOR, Esq.  
 THOMAS GEORGE ROBINSON, Esq.  
 ROBERT WIGRAM, Esq.

## JOINT GENERAL MANAGERS.

FREDERICK CHURCHWARD, Esq., ROBERT THOMAS HAINES, Esq., and THOMAS ESTALL, Esq.

## ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER.

DAVID JOHN HOWARD CUNNICK, Esq.

## SOLICITORS.

ERNEST JAMES WILDE, Esq.

WALTER EDWARD MOORE, Esq.

The Directors have the pleasure to submit the Balance Sheet for the year 1905, and to report that after making provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and for the rebate of discount on current bills, the profit, including £86,476 18s. brought forward, amounts to £625,216 8s. 10d., which has been appropriated as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Interim Dividend of 8 per cent. paid in August last ..	240,000	0	0
A further Dividend of 9 per cent. (making 17 per cent. for the year, free of Income Tax), payable 8th proximo ..	270,000	0	0
Transferred to the Knaresborough and Claro Bank, Limited, Purchase Account ..	15,000	0	0
Transferred to the Bank Premises Account ..	10,000	0	0
Balance carried forward ..	90,216	8	10
	£625,216	8	10

The Directors retiring by rotation are Messrs. Thomas George Robinson, Maurice Otho Fitzgerald, and Selwyn Robert Pryor, all of whom, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

During the past year a Branch has been opened at Nottingham, forming an important link in the Bank's chain of branches in the Midland Counties, also Sub-branches at Exmouth, and at Whitechapel, Liverpool.

In conformity with the Act of Parliament, the Shareholders are required to elect the Auditors and fix their remuneration. Mr. Edwin Waterhouse and Mr. William Barclay Peat (of Messrs. W. B. Peat & Co.), the retiring Auditors, offer themselves for re-election.

## BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1905.

LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Capital—				Cash—			
40,000 Shares of £75 each, £10 10s. paid ..	420,000	0	0	At Bank of England and at Head Office and Branches ..	8,205,153	16	1
215,000 " £60 " £12 " ..	2,580,000	0	0	At Call and Short Notice ..	4,805,046	10	11
	3,000,000	0	0		£13,011,200	7	0
Reserve Fund ..	2,300,000	0	0	Investments—			
Current, Deposit, and other Accounts, including rebate on bills not due, provision for bad and doubtful debts, contingencies, &c. ..	52,693,921	0	3	English Government Securities ..	£8,812,635	12	1
Acceptances and Endorsements of Foreign Bills on Account of Customers ..	441,568	11	1	(Of which £75,500 is lodged for public accounts.)			
Profit and Loss Account—				Indian and Colonial Government Securities; Debenture, Guaranteed, and Preference Stocks of British Railways; British Corporation and Waterworks Stocks ..	5,380,994	2	3
Balance of Profit and Loss Account including £86,476 18s. brought from year 1904 ..	£625,216	8	10	Canal, Dock, River Conservancy, and other Investments ..	403,263	18	8
Less Interim Dividend, 8 per cent. paid in August last ..	£240,000	0	0		14,536,893	13	0
Less Dividend of 9 per cent. payable 8th February next ..	270,000	0	0	Customers for Acceptances and Endorsements of Foreign Bills, per Contra ..	441,568	11	1
Less Transferred to Knaresborough and Claro Bank, Limited, purchase A/c ..	15,000	0	0	Bills Discounted, Loans, &c. ..	29,796,492	11	2
Less Transferred to Bank Premises A/c ..	10,000	0	0	Bank Premises in London and Country ..	639,590	17	11
	535,000	0	0				
	90,216	8	10				
	£58,425,706	0	2		£58,425,706	0	2

M. O. FITZGERALD,  
 G. F. MALCOLMSON,  
 ROBERT WIGRAM, } Directors.

F. CHURCHWARD,  
 R. T. HAINES,  
 T. ESTALL, } Joint General Managers.

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with; and we report that we have ascertained the correctness of the Cash Balances and the Money at Call and Short Notice at the Head Office, and the securities representing the investments of the Bank; and having examined the Balance Sheet in detail with the books at the Head Office and with the certified returns from each Branch, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is full and fair and properly drawn up, so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, as shown by such Books and Returns.

18th January, 1906.

EDWIN WATERHOUSE,  
 WILLIAM BARCLAY PEAT, } Auditors.

At the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING (ROBERT WIGRAM, Esq., in the chair) the above report was adopted. The retiring Directors, THOMAS GEORGE ROBINSON, Esq., MAURICE OTHO FITZGERALD, Esq., and SELWYN ROBERT PRYOR, Esq., were re-elected. Mr. EDWIN WATERHOUSE and Mr. WILLIAM BARCLAY PEAT were appointed Auditors for the current year.

The best thanks of the Proprietors were given to the Directors, General Managers, Branch Managers, and other officers of the Bank for their efficient services, and to the Chairman for his able conduct in the chair.

The National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, having numerous Branches in England and Wales, as well as Agents and Correspondents at home and abroad, affords great facilities to its customers, who may have money transmitted to the credit of their Accounts through any of the Branches, free of charge.

At Head Office and Metropolitan Branches, Deposits are received and interest allowed thereon at the rates advertised by the Bank in the London newspapers from time to time, and Current Accounts are conducted on the usual terms.

The Bank undertakes the Agency of Private and Joint Stock Banks, also the Purchase and Sale of all British and Foreign Stocks and Shares, and the collection of Dividends, Annuities, &c.

Circular Notes and Letters of Credit, payable at the principal towns abroad, are issued for the use of Travellers.

At the Country Branches Current Accounts are opened, Deposits received, and all other Banking business conducted.

The Officers of the Bank are bound to secrecy as regards the transactions of its customers.

Copies of the Annual Report of the Bank, Lists of Branches, Agents and Correspondents may be had on application at the Head Office, and at any of the Bank's Branches.

By order of the Directors,  
 F. CHURCHWARD,  
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 T. ESTALL, } Joint General Managers.

19th January, 1906.

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